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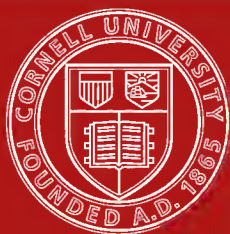
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[Shakespeare-quarto facsimiles]



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P E R I C L E S :

BY

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE

AND OTHERS.

THE FIRST QUARTO,

1609,

A FACSIMILE

FROM THE BRITISH MUSEUM COPY, C. 12. h. 5.

BY

CHARLES PRAETORIUS,

WITH INTRODUCTION BY

P. Z. ROUND, B.A.

ST. CATHARINE'S COLL., CAMBRIDGE.

LONDON:

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1886.

(C)

A. 23957
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40 SHAKSPEARE QUARTO FACSIMILES,
ISSUED UNDER THE SUPERINTENDENCE OF DR. F. J. FURNIVALL.

1. *Those by W. Griggs.*

No.	No.
1. Hamlet. 1603.	7. Merchant of Venice. 1600. (Roberts.)
2. Hamlet. 1604.	8. Henry IV. 1st Part. 1598.
3. Midsummer Night's Dream. 1600. (Fisher.)	9. Henry IV. 2nd Part. 1600.
4. Midsummer Night's Dream. 1600. (Roberts.)	10. Passionate Pilgrim. 1599.
5. Loves Labor's Lost. 1598.	11. Richard III. 1597.
6. Merry Wives. 1602.	12. Venus and Adonis. 1593.
	13. Troilus and Cressida. 1609. (printing.)

2. *Those by C. Praetorius.*

14. Much Ado About Nothing. 1600. (fotograf.)	27. Henry V. 1600.
15. Taming of a Shrew. 1594. (fotograf.)	28. Henry V. 1608.
16. Merchant of Venice. 1600. (I. R. for Heyes.) (fotograf.)	29. Titus Andronicus. 1600.
17. Richard II. 1597. Duke of Devonshire's copy. (fotograf.)	30. Sonnets and Lover's Complaint. 1609.
18. Richard II. 1597. Mr. Huth. (fotograf.)	31. Othello. 1622.
19. Richard II. 1608. Brit. Mus. (fotograf.)	32. Othello. 1630.
20. Richard II. 1634. (fotograf.)	33. King Lear. 1608. Q1. (N. Butter, <i>Pide Bull.</i>)
21. Pericles. 1609. Q1.	34. King Lear. 1608. Q2. (N. Butter.)
22. Pericles. 1609. Q2.	35. Lucrece. 1594.
23. The Whole Contention. 1619. Part I. (for 2 Henry VI.)	36. Romeo and Juliet. Undated. (fotograf.)
24. The Whole Contention. 1619. Part II. (for 3 Henry VI.)	37. Contention. 1594. (not yet done.)
25. Romeo and Juliet. 1597.	38. True Tragedy. 1595. (not yet done.)
26. Romeo and Juliet. 1599.	39. The Famous Victories. 1598. (not yet done.)
	40. The Troublesome Raigne. 1591. (For King John : not yet done.)

[Shakspeare-Quarto Facsimiles, No. 21.]

INTRODUCTION.

§ 1. In the following extract from the Stationers' Register (Arber's *Transcript* III., 378) occurs the first mention of the present play :

20 maij [1608].

Edward Blount. Entred for his copie vnder thandes of Sir George Buck knight and Master Warden Seton A booke called *The booke of Pericles prince of Tyre*. vj^d

It was in 1608 also that the book by George Wilkins was publisht, entitled 'The Painfull Aduentures of *Pericles* prince of Tyre. Being the true History of the Play of Pericles, as it was lately presented by the worthy and ancient poet Iohn Gower. At London Printed by T. P.[avier?], for Nat: Butter.'¹ In 'the Argument of the whole Historie,' with which the book begins, the Reader is entreated 'to receiue this Historie in the same maner as it was vnder the habite of ancient *Gower* the famous English Poet, by the Kings Maiesties Players excellently presented.' It was the success of the play, probably, which led Henry Gosson to bring out in 1609 his pirated version of the late and much admired play called *Pericles*, which with the reprint of the same year is now reproduced.

¹ The 1st and 2nd Quartos, published in 1608, of *King Lear* 'As it was played before the Kings Maiestie at Whitehall . . . By his Maiesties seruants playing vsually at the Gloabe on the Bancke-side,' were printed for Nathaniel Butter.

The anonymous verses entitled *Pimlyco or Runne Red-Cap*, published in 1609, speak thus of *Pericles*¹:—

Amazde I stood, to see a Crowd
Of *Civill Throats* stretchd out so loud ;
(As at a *New-play*) all the Roomes
Did swarme with *Gentiles* mix'd with *Groomes*,
So that I truly thought all These
Came to see *Shore* or *Pericles*.

Not knowing what play is denoted by the name *Shore*, we cannot tell whether it is or is not meant to be described as a 'New-play'; though that description would suit *Pericles*.

The year of its production was 1607 or 1608. (Fleay,² it is true, sees a palpable imitation of Act III. sc. ii. of *Pericles* (the bringing to life of Thaisa) in a scene of a conjuration and sham restoration in *The Puritan* which (as he shews) was acted in 1606. The likeness, however, seems no more than may fairly be called accidental.)

For some reason Blount never issued 'The book of *Pericles* prince of Tyre,' which was 'entred for his copie' 20th May, 1608. It is curious that on the same day, and immediately following the entry of *Pericles*, comes the entry, also to Blount, of *Anthony and Cleopatra*, which he never issued separately, for it is entered over again to Blount and Jaggard in the list for the forthcoming Folio of 1623 of 'so many of the said copies as are not formerly entered to other men,' i.e., among the fifteen plays which had not before appeared in print. But having found these two entries of Blount's in company in 1608, we are not surprised to read on Gosson's title-page that the play of *Pericles* is 'by William Shakespæare.' That Shakspeare had at least a share in its composition is generally admitted. *Pericles* is absent from the 1st and 2nd Folios, but it had been imputed to Shakspeare before

¹ Given in *Centurie of Prayse*, p. 89, 2nd ed.; ed. C. M. Ingleby and Lucy T. Smith.

² *Introd. to Shakspeare Study*, pp. 27. 28.

its appearance in the 3rd Folio, in 1664, by S. Sheppard in *The Times displayed in Six Sestiyads*, 1646—

. . . with SOPHOCLES we may
Compare great SHAKESPEAR ARISTOPHANES
Never like him, his Fancy could display
Witness the Prince of Tyre, his Pericles :—

as well as by Jo: Tatham, who says in his commendatory lines
prefix to R. Brome's *Joviall Crew*, 1652—

There is a Faction (Friend) in Town, that cries,
Down with the *Dagon-Poet*, *Johnson* dies.
* * * *

Beaumont and *Fletcher* (they say) perhaps, might
Passe (well) for currant Coin, in a dark night :
But *Shakespeare* the *Plebeian* Driller, was
Founder'd in 's *Pericles*, and must not pass.
And so, at all men flie, that have but been
Thought worthy of applause.

Dryden, in 1672, speaking of the early plays as notable for
'some ridiculous, incoherent story, which in one play many times
took up the business of an age,' supposes he 'need not name
Pericles, *Prince of Tyre*, nor the Historical Plays of *Shakespeare*.'

The play seems to have been popular. Robert Tailor, in
The Hogge bath lost his Pearl, 1614, said

'if it prove so happy as to please,
Weele say 'tis fortunate like *Pericles*.'

Richard Brathwaite's mention of 'Valiant Boults' in his *Strappado
for the Diuell*, 1615, seems to shew that one of the characters was
well enough known. Ben Jonson in his Ode 'Come leave the
lothed stage,' 1629-30, growls about 'some mouldy tale like
Pericles.' When Sir Henry Herbert, Master of the Revels, re-
ceived of the players, 10 June, 1631, 'for a gratuity for ther
liberty gaind unto them of playinge, upon the cessation of the
plague . . . 3*l*. 10*s*. 0*d*.—This was taken upon *Pericles* at the
Globe.¹ Besides a 2nd quarto in 1609, editions of *Pericles*

¹ Quoted, from Malone's print of the MS., in *Centurie of Prayse*.

appeared in 1611, 1619, 1630 and 1635 ;—a larger number than were issued of any Shakspearean play except one or two Histories. It was one of the six Shakspearean plays acted by Sir Wm. Davenant's company between 1660 and 1671,¹ and Downes tells us twice in *Roscius Anglicanus* (says Collier) that Pericles was a favourite part with Betterton.

§ 2. In the older forms of the story, the prince of Tyre is called Apollonius. The earliest extant version, in Latin, is considered to have been made from a Greek original about the VIth century. An allusion in the *Gesta abbatum Fontanellensium* shews *Historia Apollonii regis Tyri* to have been among the books given to the monastery about A.D. 747. The oldest MS. now known is of the Xth century, and the Latin story was first printed about 1470, and again by Marc:Welser in 1595. There are fragments of an 11th century West Saxon version, in a Corpus MS. printed by Thorpe.

Godfrey of Viterbo has the story in his 12th century *Panttheon sive memoriae saeculorum* (see Bk. II., cols. 282-292) ; it is said to be given also by Vincentius Bellovacensis in his *Speculum historiale*. The *Historia Apollonii* is pretty closely reproduced in chapter 153 of the *Gesta Romanorum*, i.e., first among the chapters added—about 1488—to the 152 printed in the earlier editions. It is not found in the Anglo-Latin recension, and accordingly is not in the oldest English translation of the *Gesta*. The story is found in French in 13th century MSS. at Paris and in the British Museum ; and it is also told in a Spanish poem of the same period, as well as in German in an expanded shape in verse by H. von Neustadt.²

Gower tells the tale in *Confessio Amantis*, bk. viii., ls. 281-2018, and says he found it in 'a cronique in daies gon, The which is

¹ *Centurie*, p. 158.

² Selections from Neustadt's poem were published in 1875 at Vienna ; J. Strobl, editor. But a version may have existed in French or German before ; for in the 12th century Lamprecht speaks of the adventures of Apollonius in his German poem of *Alexander*, which was imitated from the old French poem of Alberic de Besançon, now extant only in a fragment.

cleped *Panteon*'—presumably of Godfrey of Viterbo. The *Panteon* is referred to also in verses at the conclusion of the Old German version printed at Augsburg, 1471, but in both these cases the assertion is only limitedly true. In Douce MS. 216 is a fragment of 140 lines of a 15th century English version; another is among the Phillipps MSS., and was printed in Halliwell's 'New Boke about Shakespeare' in 1850.

Louys Garbin printed *la cronicque et bystoire d'Appolin roy de thir* at Geneva in 1482, and probably it was this, put into English by Copland, which Wynkyn de Worde publisht in 1510;—not the worst, says Warton, among the many romances which appeared in England before 1540. The romance had been printed in Old German and in Swedish in 1471; in Dutch in 1493.

In 1576, William Howe entered on the Stationers' Register (B., lf. 134; Arber's *Transcript* II., 301) *the historie of the strange aduentures of prince Apollonius Lucina his wife and Tharsa his daughter*, 'sett foorth in print,' the entry says, 'with this title *The patternne of paynfull aduentures*.' *The Painful Pilgrimage* is one among the names in the record of plays acted at court in 1567-8,¹ and from the similarity of title it has been conjectured that the subject of play and story was the same. The proprietorship of the novel past apparently to Valentine Simmes, who probably in the last decade of the 16th century produced the earliest extant edition of the book, 'gathered into English,' the title-page asserts, 'by Laurence Twine, gentleman.' Another edition appeared in 1607. With a few additions this is a version of the Latin *Historia*.

The VIIth and last volume of Boisteau and Belleforest's *Histoires Tragiques*—which came out in 1682—has 'Apollonie Roy de Tyriens: ses malheurs sur mer, ses pertes de femme, & fille, & la fin heureuse de tous ensemble' for its 3rd chapter; 'ayant et main,' says Belleforest in his Sommaire de l'Histoire, 'vne histoire tiree du grec & icelle ancienne, comme aussi ie

¹ Harl: MS. 146, quoted by Collier, *Hist: Eng: Dramat: Poet: I.* 187, edn. 1879.

l'ay recueillie d'une vieux liure écrit à la main.¹ He paraphrased at considerable length an original which very likely was much the same as Twine's. George Wilkins's 'Painfull Adventures of Pericles prince of Tyre,' which appeared in 1608, and has been already mentioned, ends the list of this family of versions.

More removed than these from the *Historia Apollonii*, but yet based on some form of that legend, is the French romance of *Jourdain de Blaivies*, who in his flight after killing Lohier, Charlemagne's son, falls into the hands of pirates, escapes, and is afterwards cast up by a storm on the shore of King Marcus's land, where he is befriended by a fisherman, beloved by the king and his daughter Oriabel, defeats the Saracens, and obtains the princess in marriage, who bears him a daughter Gaudisce. Oriabel, put in a cask and cast overboard at sea to appease the tempest, is washt up at Palermo, where she dwells as a recluse. Meanwhile Gaudisce, left in the keeping of Josseline, in the country of Orimonde, while her father voyages in search of his wife, incurs the jealousy of the queen, by whose orders she is secretly conveyed to Constantinople, where, for refusing the love of the emperor's son, she is about to be exposed in a brothel when she is found by her father and mother. This story, often associated with the tale of the two friends Amis and Amiloun, was with that ultimately inserted in the Charlemagne cycle, Jourdain's father becoming the son of Amis.² A variation in the *Romance of the VII Sages* of the story of the two friends, names them Loys and Alexander. Upon some form of this *Alexander* story was doubtless founded Theodoor Rodenburgh's Dutch tragedy (in 44 uuren or scenes) of *Alexander*, published at Amsterdam in 1618. W. C. Hazlitt suggested, what is not improbable, that this was in some degree like the lost play of *Alexander and Lodwick*, one of 5 'Books' for which Henslow paid Martin

¹ I quote from Rouen edn., 1603-4, p. 110 of last vol.

² See '*Amis et Amiles* and *Jourdain de Blaivies*' ed. by K. Hofman, 2nd edn., Erlangen, 1882.

Slaughter £8 in May, 1598 ; but the supposition that Slaughter's play was made use of by the authors of *Pericles* is probably erroneous.

Another offshoot of the Apollonius saga is found in the Spanish *Historia del rey Canamor y del infante Turian su hijo*, published at Seville in 1558.

Besides the plays already named, there are the following dramatic versions of the story. (1) Pieter Bor's two Dutch tragicomedies, 'Apollonius Prince van Tyro,' and 'Apollonius en zijne dochter Tarsia,' published at the Hague, 1617, and based on the story as given in the Dutch version of the *Gesta Romanorum*. (2) 'Appolonius, Koningh van Tyrus,' 'tragedy' by D. Lingelbach published at Amsterdam, 1662.¹

Lillo's *Marina*, presented at Covent Garden, August 1st, 1738, is an adaptation of portions of the latter part of *Pericles*.

§ 3. Two printed English versions were ready to hand for any one who wished to dramatize the story of Apollonius ; (1) in Gower, bk. viii. of *Confessio Amantis* ls. 281-2018, (2) Laurence Twine's *Patterne of painefull Adventures* : the play of *Pericles* was based on the former.² This appears in several ways : (a) in the names of the characters, where, except when characters have been re-named, Gower's form of a name is taken wherever he differs from Twine. Thus Hellicanus, Thaliard (Thaliart in Wilkins's Novel), Dionisa, Lichorida, Philoten, and the place Meteline too, are Gower's names, while Twine, whose Latin version was seemingly rather a bad one, writes Elinatus, Taliarchus, Dionisiades, Ligozides, Philomacia, and Machilenta. Further ; the name Thaisa is not found in Twine, who calls Apollonius's daughter Tarsia, and her mother Lucina, whereas Gower (who gives the mother no name) calls the daughter Thaisë ; and the name Leoninus, given by Gower to the Pandar, is not known to Twine.

¹ See Dr. G. Penon's *Bijdragen tot de gesch. der Nederl. Letterkunde*, Groningen, 1880, I., 113 and follg.

² Both are printed in Hazlitt's *Shakespeare's Library*, Pt. I., Vol. IV.

X. § 3. GOWER, NOT TWINE, IS THE SOURCE OF THE PLAY.

(b) Incidents and expressions in the play are taken from Gower's Story and not from Twine's.

(i.) III. i. Pericles alone on the deck is shown the new-born child. In Twine there is no mention of his being apart from his wife; Gower says of the 'yonge lady'—

Of childe she began travail
Wher she lay in a caban clos.
Her woful lord *from her aros*
* * * * *

A maide child was bore tho.
Appollinus, *when this he knewe,*
For sorwe a swoune he ouerthrewe. . . .

(ii.) When the sailors proposed to throw the body overboard, Apollonius, according to Twine, protested strongly; in Gower he assents mournfully; and in the play his words are 'As you think meet.—Most wretched queene.'

(iii.) *Pericles* III., 33-37.

Gower's chorus.
the summe of this,
Brought hither to *Pentapolis*,
Ira[u]yshed the regions round,
And every one with claps can
found

'Our heyre apparant is a
King. . .'

Conf: Amant: 1021 follg.

This tale, after the king it
hadde,
Pentapolim al ouerspradde;
Ther was no ioie for to seche,
For euery man had it in speche
'A worthy king shal ben oure
lorde.'

There is nothing of this in Twine.

(iv.) *Pericl:* III. ii., 68-75.

Heere I giue to vnderstande,

I King *Pericles* haue lost
This queene, worth all our
mundaine cost:

Who finds her, giue her bury-
ing;

She was the Daughter of a
King:

Besides this Treasure for a fee
The Gods requit his charitie!

Conf: Am: 1132-40.

I, king of Tیره, Apollinus,
Doth alle maner men to wite

Her lith a kinges daughter
dede;

And who that hapneth her to
finde,

For charite tak in his minde
And do so that she be begraue
With this tresor which he shal
haue.

Twine says—'Whoseuer shal find this chest, I pray him to take ten pieces of gold for his paines, and to bestow tenne pieces

more vpon the buriall of the corpes . . . Whosoever shall doe otherwise than the present grieve requireth, let him die a shamefull death. . ."

(v.) In Twine's story—which follows the Latin—it was Cerimon's towardly scholler Machaon who, while anointing the body [of Lucina] for burial, perceived some warmth in her breast, and that there was life in the body. In Gower's version and the play alike the restoring to life is all Cerimon's doing.

(vi.) According to Twine, 'faire Lucina . . . being perfectly come to herself, "what art thou?" said she vnto Machaon: "see thou touch me not otherwise than thou oughtest to do, for I am a king's daughter, and the wife of a king."'

Pericl: III. ii., 105-6.

Conf: *Am*: 1216-7.

<p>[<i>Shee moues.</i>] O deare Diana, Where am I? Where's my Lord? What world is this?</p>	<p> She spake and saide: 'Where am I? Where is my lord? what world is this?'</p>
---	---

(vii.) V. i., 35, etc. Pericles will not answer when Lysimachus addresses him, and, later, when Marina comes. So Gower in both instances. In Twine, the governor is answered in a set speech, and there is a long episode telling how Apollonius solved various riddles which 'the maiden Tharsia' asked him.

When Pericles at last speaks, he asks Marina a multitude of questions. Gower's version—interesting as illustrating the two places 82-89, etc., 127-129—is thus:

As a mad man, ate laste
His heued wepinge away he caste,
And halfe in wrathe he bad here go.
But yet she wolde noght do so,
And in the derke forth she goth
Til she him toucheth, and he wroth,
And after here with his hond
He smote. And thus whan she him fonde
Disese, courteisly she saide
'Avoy, my lorde, I am a maide—
And if ye wiste what I am,
And out of what lignage I cam,
Ye wolde nought be so saluage.'

With that he sobreth his corage
And put away his heuy chere.

* * * * *

This king vnto this maide opposeth
And axeth first, what is her hame,
And where she lerned all this game,
And of what ken that she was come.

But in Twine, Tarsia had told her story in a single speech immediately after Apollonius thrust her away from him ; so that Apollonius alone has any further speech to make.

These and other points of likeness lead to the conclusion that the basis of the play was the story as given in Gower,—who certainly tells his tale more dramatically than Twine does. This explains why, in the play, Gower is brought on as the presenter. But there are a few parallels with Twine's story ; Cleon's sentiments, for example, in Act IV., sc. iii., are pretty much those which in Twine are put into the mouth of 'Stranguillio,' as the character is there named ; and though here l. 16, 'She dide at night. Ile say so,' is from Gower, the scene is founded on Twine's story.

Stevens pointed out that there are in the first two acts several imitations of ideas in the *Arcadia*, viz., I. i. 10, 11 ; 62, 63 ; II. i., 63-65 ; the word 'bases,' l. 167 ; ii. 54, 55, and last words of scene. The passages in the *Arcadia* will be found in the Variorum edition at these references. Stevens's further supposition that the name of Sidney's hero 'Pyrocles' was the original of our 'Pericles' seems very likely ; and we know that suggestions from the *Arcadia* had probably been made use of by Shakspeare in *The Two Gentlemen*—for the scene of Valentine and the robbers, IV. i., and the praise of solitude V. iv.—and in *King Lear* for the Gloucester story, taken from Sidney's tale of the blind king of Paphlagonia.

§ 4. Both the editions of *Pericles* which appeared in 1609 are reproduced in the present series, as there has been some doubt which of the two was the earlier. In the Introduction to

the other Quarto, I have sought to show why, with the Cambridge editors, I give the priority to this edition.

§ 5. The history of the play up to the time when it reached the state we now see it in may be here conjecturally summed up. Shakspeare began a play on the story of Marina, but only wrote the beginning and end, which is now left to us in the last three Acts of *Pericles*. The unfinished work was then handed over to George Wilkins and William Rowley—elsewhere also fellow-workers—to be completed for the stage. Wilkins made two new Acts from incidents in the tale of Apollonius, eked out with a Pageant of his own composing, and made this serve as a new beginning for the play. Rowley wrote scenes ii., iv. and v. of Act V. (They are too pointless and inconsequent to have come from Shakspeare, though possibly he left some suggestion for them.) The Gower-choruses were inserted in suitable places by Wilkins; Rowley perhaps helping in one or two places. But the work as thus completed has perished. Heminge and Condell did not see fit to include *Pericles* in the Folio. Acting rights, perhaps, or the claims of publishers, may have been the reason for their action; or was it that Shakspeare would own no share of his in the patchwork, and the work, not having undergone his revision, was accordingly excluded?

At any rate, what is left to us is a version of the acted play hastily botched up from a brachygraphist's notes, and shewing traces, too, in more than one place of the 'cuts' made in preparing the play for performance.

§ 6. I have markt with a double dagger, in the margin, a number of places in this facsimile where more obvious faults in the text occur. A comparison with the other Quarto of 1609, the facsimile of which is similarly markt, will shew various points of difference between the two editions. The copy in the British Museum Library, from which this facsimile has been made, has been cut down and inlaid. By this means some headlines and initial letters have been lost, wholly or in part. These, in places

where there could be no doubt of their identity, are restored in the facsimile by hand.

Further, an awkwardly-mended rent in leaf C had almost obliterated part of the lines I. iv., 107, 108, and II., chorus, 24, which have had to be completed by hand. A small tear has injured lines II. i., 20 and 59. The title page, too, has a tear across the words 'whole' and 'fortunes,' and some letters in 'adventures' and 'The no lesse' are worn and indistinct.


May 25, 1886.

THE LATE,
And much admired Play,
Called
Pericles, Prince
of Tyre

With the true Relation of the whole Historic,
aduentures, and fortunes of the said Prince :

As also,
The no lesse strange, and worthy accidents,
in the Birth and Life, of his Daughter
MARIANA.

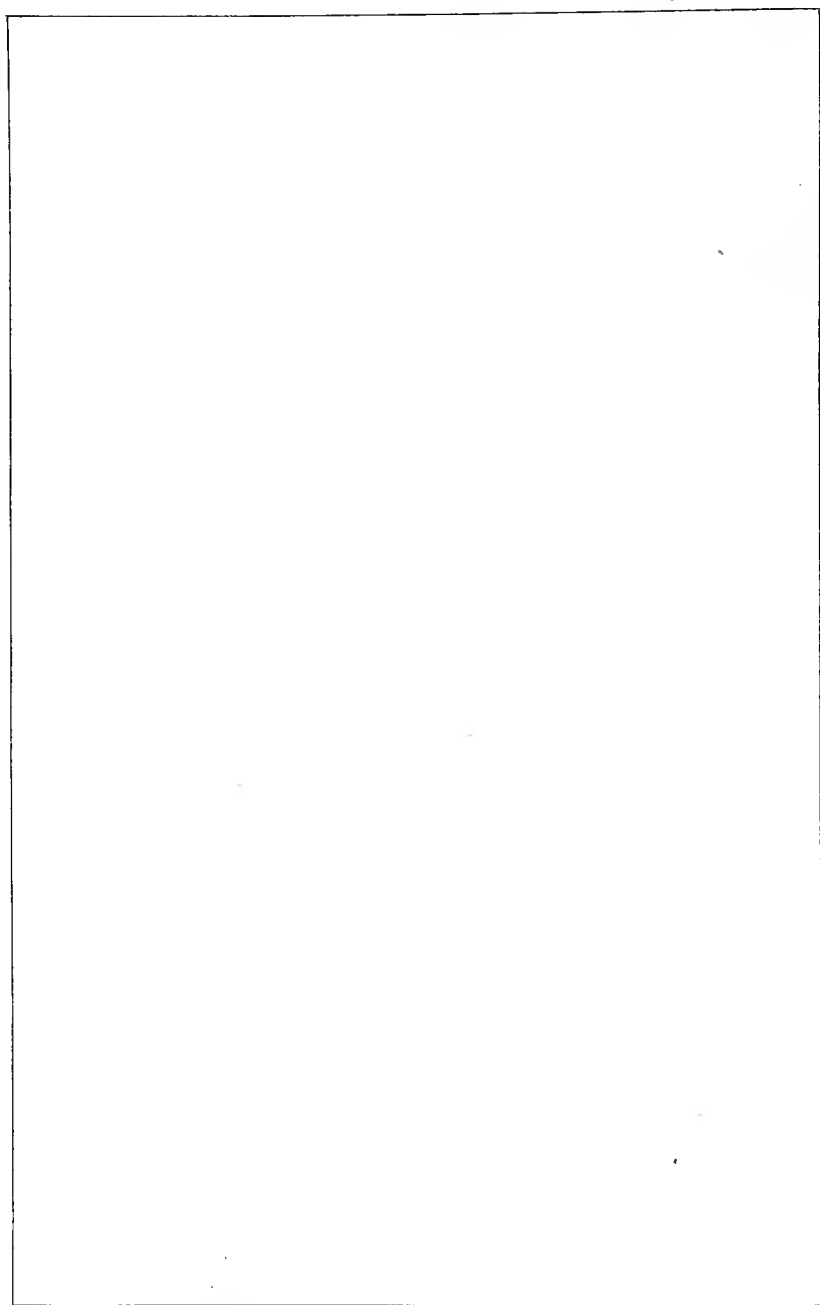
As it hath been diuers and fundry times acted by
his Maiesties Seruants, at the Globe on
the Banck-side.

By William  Shakespeare.



Imprinted at London for *Henry Goffon*, and are
to be sold at the signe of the Sunne in
Pater-noster row, &c.

1 6 0 9.





The Play of Pericles

Prince of Tyre. &c.

Enter Gower.



O sing a Song that old was sung,
From ashes, a untient *Gower* is come,
Assuming mans infirmities,
To glad your eare, and please your eyes :
It hath been sung at Feastivals,
On Ember eues, and Holydayes :

And Lords and Ladyes in their liues,
Haue red it for restoratiues :
The purchase is to make men glorious,
Et bonum quo Antiquius eo melius :
If you, borne in those latter times,
When Witts more ripe, accept my rimmes;
And that to heare an old man sing,
May to your Wishes pleasure bring :
I life would wish, and that I might
Waste it for you, like Taper light.
This *Antioch*, then *Antiochus* the great,
Buylt vp this Citie, for his chiefeft Seat;
The fayrest in all *Syria*.
I tell you what mine Authors saye:
This King vnto him tooke a Peere,
Who dyed, and left a female heyre,
So bucksome, blith, and full of face
As heauen had lent her all his grace :
With whom the Father liking tooke,
And her to Incest did prouoke :
Bad child, worse father, to intice his owne

A 2.

To

I.

2

4

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I.

The Play of

28 To euill, should be done by none :
 But custome what they did begin,
 30 Was with long vse, account'd no sinne ;
 The beautie of this sinfull Dame,
 32 Made many Princes thither frame,
 To seeke her as a bedfellow,
 34 In maryage pleasures, playfellow :
 Which to prevent, he made a Law,
 36 To keepe her still, and men in awe :
 That who so askt her for his wife,
 38 His Riddle tould, not lost his life :
 So for her many of wight did die,
 40 As yon grimme lookes do testifie.
 What now ensues, to the iudgement of your eye,
 42 I giue my cause, who best can iustifie. *Exit.*

Ii.

Enter Antiochus, Prince Pericles, and followers.

Anti. Young Prince of Tyre, you haue at large receiued
 The danger of the taske you vndertake.

4 *Peri.* I haue (*Antiochus*) and with a soule emboldned
 With the glory of her prayse, thinke death no hazard,
 In this enterprise.

8 *Ant.* Musicke bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride,
 For embracements euen or *Ioue* himselfe ;
 At whose conception, till *Lucina* rained,
 Nature this dowry gaue ; to glad her presence,
 The Seanate house of Planets all did sit,
 To knit in her, their best perfections.

Enter Antiochus daughter.

12 *Per.* See where she comes, appareled like the Spring,
 Graces her subiects, and her thoughts the King,
 Of euery Vertue giues renowne to men :
 Her face the booke of prayses, where is read,
 16 Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence,
 Sorrow were euer raste, and teastie wrath
 Could neuer be her milde companion.

You

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

You Gods that made me man, and sway in loue;
 That haue enflamde desire in my breast,
 To taste the fruite of yon celestiall tree,
 (Or die in th'adventure) be my helpes,
 As I am sonne and seruant to your will,
 To compasse such a bondlesse happinesse.

Anti. Prince Pericles.

Peri. That would be sonne to great *Antiochus*.

Ant. Before thee standes this faire *Hesperides*,
 With golden fruite, but dangerous to be toucht :
 For Death like Dragons heere affright thee hard :
 Her face like Heauen, inticeth thee to view
 Her countlesse glory ; which desert must gaine :
 And which without desert, because thine eye
 Presumes to reach, all the whole heape must die :
 Yon sometimes famous Princes, like thy selfe,
 Drawne by report, aduentrous by desire,
 Tell thee with speechlesse tongues, and semblance pale,
 That without couering, saue yon field of Starres,
 Heere they stand Martyrs flame in *Cupids* Warres :
 And with dead cheekes, aduise thee to desist,
 For going on deaths net, whom none resist.

Per. Antiochus, I thanke thee, who hath taught,
 My frayle mortalitie to know it selfe;
 And by those fearefull obiectes, to prepare
 This body, like to them, to what I must :
 For Death remembered should be like a myrrour,
 Who tels vs, life's but breath, to trust it errour :
 Ile make my Will then, and as sick men doe,
 Who know the World, see Heauen, but feeling woe,
 Gripe not at earthly ioyes as earst they did ;
 So I bequeath a happy peace to you,
 And all good men, as every Prince should doe;
 My riches to the earth, from whence they came;
 But my vnspotted fire of Loue, to you :
 Thus ready for the way of life or death,
 I wayte the sharpest blow (*Antiochus*)

A 3.

Scorning

The Play of

56 Scorning aduice; read the conclusion then:
Which read and not expounded, tis decreed,
58 As these before thee, thou thy selfe shalt bleed.

Daugh. Of all sayd yet, mayst thou prooue prosperous,
60 Of all sayd yet, I wish thee happinesse.

Peri. Like a bold Champion I assume the Listes,
Nor aske aduise of any other thought,
But faythfulnesse and courage.

The Riddle.

*I am no Viper, yet I feed
65 On mothers flesh which did me breed:
I sought a Husband, in which labour,
67 I found that kindnesse in a Father;
Hee's Father, Sonne, and Husband milde:
69 I, Mother, Wife; and yet his child:
How they may be, and yet in two,
71 As you will liue resolute if you.*

72 Sharpe Phisicke is the last: But ô you powers!
That giues heauen countlesse eyes to view mens actes,
Why cloude they not their sights perpetually,
75 If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?
Faire Glasse of light, I lou'd you, and could still,
77 Were not this glorious Casket stor'd with ill:
78 But I must tell you, now my thoughts reuolt,
For hee's no man on whom perfections waite,
80 That knowing sinne within, will touch the gate.
You are a faire Violl, and your sense, the stringes;
Who finger'd to make man his lawfull musicke,
83 Would draw Heauen downe, and all the Gods to harken:
But being playd vpon before your time,
85 Hell onely daunceth at so harsh a chime:
Good sooth, I care not for you.

Ant. Prince *Pericles*, touch not, vpon thy life;
88 For that's an Article within our Law,
As dangerous as the rest: your time's expir'd,
Either expound now, or receiue your sentence.

Peri.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Li.

Peri. Great King,

Few loue to heare the finnes they loue to aēt,
 T'would brayde your selfe too neare for me to tell it :
 Who has a booke of all that Monarches doe,
 Hee's more secure to keepe it shut, then showne.
 For Vice repeated, is like the wandring Wind,
 Blowes dust in others eyes to spread it selfe ;
 And yet the end of all is bought thus deare,
 The breath is gone, and the fore eyes see cleare :
 To stop the Ayre would hurt them, the blind Mole castes
 Copt hilles towards heauen, to tell the earth is throng'd
 By mans oppresion, and the poore Worme doth die for't :
 Kinges are earths Gods ; in vice, their law's their will :
 And if *loue* stray, who dares say, *loue* doth ill :
 It is enough you know, and it is fit ;
 What being more knowne, growes worse, to smother it.
 All loue the Wombe that their first beeing bred,
 Then giue my tongue like leaue, to loue my head. (ning :
Ant. Heauen, that I had thy head ; he ha's found the mea-
 But I will gloze with him. Young Prince of *Tyre*,
 Though by the tenour of your strict edict,
 Your exposition misinterpreting,
 We might proceed to counsell of your dayes ;
 Yet hope, succeeding from so faire a tree
 As your faire selfe, doth tune vs otherwise ;
 Fourtie dayes longer we doe respite you,
 If by which time, our secret be vndone,
 This mercy shewes, wee'le ioy in such a Sonne :
 And vntill then, your entertaine shall bee
 As doth besit our honour and your worth.

Manet Pericles solus.

Peri. How courtesie would seeme to couer sinne,
 When what is done, is like an hipocrite,
 The which is good in nothing but in sight.
 If it be true that I interpret false,
 Then were it certaine you were not so bad,
 As with foule Incest to abuse your soule :

Where

Li

The Play of

Where now you both a Father and a Sonne,
 By your vntimely claspings with your Child;
 (Which pleasures fittes a husband, not a father)
 And shee an eater of her Mothers flesh,
 By the defiling of her Parents bed,
 And both like Serpents are; who though they feed
 On sweetest Flowers, yet they Poyson breed.
Antioch farewell, for Wisedome sees those men,
 Blush not in actions blacker then the night,
 Will shew no course to keepe them from the light:
 One sinne (I know) another doth prouoke;
 Murder's as neere to Lust, as Flame to Smoake:
 Poyson and Treason are the hands of Sinne,
 I, and the targets to put off the shame,
 Then least my life be cropt, to keepe you cleare,
 By flight, Ile shun the danger which I feare.

*Exit**Enter Antiochus.*

Anti. He hath found the meaning,
 For which we meane to haue his head:
 He must not liue to trumpet foorth my infamie,
 Nor tell the world *Antiochus* doth sinne.
 In such a loathed manner:
 And therefore instantly this Prince must die,
 For by his fall, my honour must keepe hic.
 Who attends vs there?

*Enter Thaliard.**Thali.* Doth your highnes call?

Antio. *Thaliard*, you are of our Chamber, *Thaliard*,
 And our minde pertakes her priuat actions,
 To your secrecie; and for your saythfulness,
 We will aduaunce you, *Thaliard*:
 Behold, heere's Poyson, and heere's Gold:
 Wee hate the Prince of *Tyre*, and thou must kill him;
 It fittes thee not to aske the reason why?
 Because we bid it: say, is it done?

Thali. My Lord, tis done.*Enter*

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.**Enter a Messenger.*

Anti. Enough. Let your breath coole your selfe, telling
your haste.

Mess. My Lord, Prince *Pericles* is fled.

Antin. As thou wilt liue flie after, and like an arrow shot
from a well experienst Archer hits the marke his eye doth
leuell at: so thou neuer returne vnlesse thou say Prince *Pe-*
ricles is dead.

Thal. My Lord, if I can get him within my Pistols
length, Ile make him sure enough, so farewell to your
highnesse.

Thaliard adieu, till *Pericles* be dead,
My heart can lend no succour to my head.

Enter Pericles with his Lords.

Pe. Let none disturb vs, why shold this chage of thoughts
The sad companion dulleyde melancholic,
By me so vsde a guest, as not an houre
In the dayes glorious walke or peacefull night,
The tombewhere griefe should sleepe can breed me quiet,
Here pleasures court mine eies, and mine eies shun them,
And daunger which I fearde is at *Antioch*,
Whose arme seemes farre too short to hit me here,
Yet neither pleasures Art can ioy my spirits,
Nor yet the others distance comfort me,
Then it is thus, the passions of the mind,
That haue their first conception by misdread,
Haue after nourishment and life, by care
And what was first but feare, what might be done,
Growes elder now, and cares it be not done,
And so with me the great *Antiochus*,
Gainst whom I am too little to contend,
Since hee's so great, can make his will his act,
Will thinke me speaking, though I sweare to silence,
Nor bootes it me to say, I honour,
If he suspect I may dishonour him.

B

And

Li.

160

164

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Lii.

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+20

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

And what may make him blush in being knowne,
 Heele stop the course by which it might be knowne,
 24 With hostile forces heele ore-spread the land,
 † And with the stint of warre will looke so huge,
 Amazement shall driue courage from the state,
 28 Our men be vanquisht ere they doe resist,
 And subiects punisht that nere thought offence,
 † Which care of them, not pittie of my selfe,
 Who once no more but as the tops of trees,
 Which fence the rootes they grow by and defend them,
 32 Makes both my bodie pine, and soule to languish,
 33 And punish that before that he would punish.

Enter all the Lords to Pericles.

1. *Lord.* Ioy and all comfort in your sacred brest.

2. *Lord.* And keepe your mind till you returne to vs
 36 peacefull and comfortable.

Hel. Peace, peace, and giue experience tongue,
 They doe abuse the King that flatter him,
 For flatterie is the bellows blowes vp sinne,
 40 The thing the which is flattered, but a sparke,
 To which that sparke giues heate, and stronger
 Glowing, whereas reproofe obedient and in order,
 Fits kings as they are men, for they may erre,
 44 When *signior* sooth here does proclaime peace,
 He flatters you, makes warre vpon your life.
 Prince paadon me, or strike me if you please,
 † I cannot be much lower then my knees.
 47

Per. All leaue vs else: but let your cares ore-looke,
 48 What shipping, and what ladings in our haven,
 † And then returne to vs, *Hellicans* thou hast
 Mooude vs, what seest thou in our looks?

Hel. An angrie brow, dread Lord.

Per. If there be such a dart in Princes frownes,
 How durst thy tongue moue anger to our face?

Hel. How dares the plants looke vp to heauen,

From

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Lii.

From whence they haue their nourishment?

Per. Thou knowest I haue power to take thy life from

Hel. I haue ground the Axe my selfe, (thee,
Doe but you strike the blowe.

Per. Rise, prethee rise, sit downe, thou art no flatterer,
I thanke thee fort, and heaue forbid

That kings should let their eares heare their faults hid.

Fit Counsellor, and seruant for a Prince,
Who by thy wisdom makes a Prince thy seruant,
What wouldst thou haue me doe?

Hel. To beare with patience such griefes as you your
selfe doe lay vpon your selfe.

Per. Thou speakest like a Physitian *Hellicanus*,
That ministers a potion vnto me:

That thou wouldst tremble to receiue thy selfe,

Attend me then, I went to *Antioch*,

Whereas thou knowst against the face of death,

I sought the purchase of a glorious beautie,

From whence an issue I might propogate,

Are armes to Princes, and bring ioies to subiects,

Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder,

The rest harke in thine eare, as blacke as incest,

Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father
Seemde not to strike, but smooth, but thou knowst this,

Tis time to feare when tyrants seemes to kisse.

Which feare so grew in me I hither fled,

Vnder the couering of a carefull night,

Who seemd my good protector, and being here,

Bethought what was past, what might succeed,

I knew him tyrannous, and tyrants feare

Decrease not, but grow faster then the yeares,

And should he doo't, as no doubt he doth,

That I should open to the listning ayre,

How many worthie Princes blouds were shed,

To keepe his bed of blacknesse vnlayde ope,

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

To lop that doubt,hee'le fill this land with armes,
 And make pretence of wrong that I haue done him,
 When all for mine,if I may call offence,
 Must feel wars blow, who spares not innocence,
 Which loue to all of which thy selfe art one,
 Who now reprou'dst me fort.

Hell. Alas sir.

Per. Drew sleep,out of mine eies,blood frō my cheekes,
 Musings into my mind,with thousand doubts
 How I might stop this tempest ere it came,
 And finding little comfort to relieue them,
 I thought it princely charity to griue for them.

Hell. Well my Lord,since you hauegiuen mee leaue to
 Freely will I speake, *Antiochus* you feare, (speake,
 And iustly too, I thinke you feare the tyrant,
 Who either by publike warre,or priuat treason,
 Will take away your life : therfore my Lord, go trauell for
 a while, till that his rage and anger be forgot, or till the De-
 stinies doe cut his threed of life : your rule direct to anie,
 if to me, day serues not light more faithfull then Ile be.

Per. I doe not doubt thy faith.

But should he wrong my liberties in my absence ?

Hell. Weele mingle our bloods together in the earth,
 From whence we had our being,and our birth.

Per. *Tyre* I now looke from thee then,and to *Tharsus*
 Intend my trauaile,where Ile heare from thee,
 And by whose Letters Ile dispose my selfe.
 The care I had and haue of subiects good,
 On thee I lay,whose wisdomes strength can beare it,
 Ile take thy word,for faith not aske thine oath,
 Who shuns not to breake one, will cracke both.
 But in our orbs will liue so round,and safe,
 That time of both this truth shall nere conuince,
 Thou shewdst a subiects shine, I a true Prince.

Exit.

Enter

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

lin

Enter Thaliard solus.

So this is *Tyre*, and this the Court, heere must I kill King *Pericles*, and if I doe it not, I am sure to be hang'd at home : t'is dangerous.

Well, I perceiue he was a wise fellowe, and had good discretion, that beeing bid to aske what hee would of the King, desired he might knowe none of his secrets.

Now doe I see hee had some reason for't : for if a king bidde a man bee a villaine, hee's bound by the indenture of his oath to bee one.

Hush, heere comes the Lords of *Tyre*.

*Enter Helicanus, Escanes, with
other Lords.*

Hell. You shall not neede my fellow-Peers of *Tyre* further to question mee of your kings departure : his sealed Commission left in trust with mee, does speake sufficiently hee's gone to trauaile.

Thaliard. How? the King gone?

Hell. If further yet you will be satisfied, (why as it were vnlicensed of your loues) he would depart? Ile giue some light vnto you, beeing at *Antioch*.

Thal. What from *Antioch*?

Hell. Royall *Antiochus* on what cause I knowe not, tooke some displeasure at him, at least hee iudg'de so : and doubting lest hee had err'de or sinn'de, to shewe his sorrow, hee'de correct himselfe ; so puts himselfe vnto the Shipmans toyle, with whome each minute threatens life or death.

Thaliard. Well, I perceiue I shall not be hang'd now, although I would, but since hee's gone, the Kings seas must please : hee scap'te the Land to perish at the Sea, I'll present my selfe. Peace to the Lords of *Tyre*.

B 3

Lord

lil.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Lord *Thaliard* from *Antiochus* is welcome.

Thal. From him I come with message vnto princely
Pericles, but since my landing, I haue vnderstood your Lord
has betake himselfe to vnknowne trauailes, now message
must returne from whence it came.

Hett. Wee haue no reason to desire it, commended
to our maister not to vs, yet ere you shall depart, this wee
desire as friends to *Antioch* wee may feast in *Tyre*. *Exit.*

liv.

*Enter Cleon the Gouvernour of Tharsus, with
his wife and others.*

Cleon. My *Dyoniza* shall wee rest vs heere,
And by relating tales of others griefes,
See if t'will teach vs to forget our owne?

Dion. That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it,
For who digs hills because they doe aspire?
Throwes downe one mountaine to cast vp a higher:
O my distressed Lord, euen such our griefes are,
Heere they are but felt, and seene with mischiefs eyes,
But like to Groues, being topt, they higher rise.

Cleon. O *Dioniza*,
Who wanteth food, and will not say hee wants it,
Or can conceale his hunger till hee famish?
Our touns and sorrowes to sound deepe:
Our woes into the aire, our eyes to weepe.
Till touns fetch breath that may proclaime
Them louder, that if heauen slumber, while
Their creatures want, they may awake
Their helpers, to comfort them.
He then discourse our woes felt seuerall yeares,
And wanting breath to speake, helpe mee with teares.

Dyoniza. He doe my best Syr. (ment,

Cleon. This *Tharsus* ore which I haue the gouerne-
A Cittie on whom plentie held full hand;
For riches strew'de her selfe euen in her streetes,

Whose

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Whose towers bore heads so high they kist the clouds,
 And strangers nere beheld, but wondred at,
 Whose men and dames so jetted and adorn'de,
 Like one anothers glasse to trim them by,
 Their tables were stor'd full to glad the sight,
 And not so much to feede on as delight,
 All pouertie was scor'de, and pride so great,
 The name of helpe grewe odious to repeat.

Dion. O't is too true.

Cle. But see what heauen can doe by this our change,
 These mouthes who but of late, earth, sea, and ayre,
 Werc all too little to content and please,
 Although thy gaue their creatures in abundance,
 As houses are desil'de for want of vse,
 They are now staru'de for want of exercise,
 Those pallats who not yet too sauers younger,
 Must haue inuentions to delight the tast,
 Would now be glad of bread and beg for it,
 Those mothers who to nouzell vp their babes,
 Thought nought too curious, are readie now
 To eat those little darlings whom they lou'de,
 So sharpe are hunger's teeth, that man and wife,
 Drawe lots who first shall die, to lengthen life.
 Heere stands a Lord, and there a Ladie weeping:
 Heere manie sincke, yet those which see them fall,
 Haue scarce strength left to giue them buryall.

Is not this true?

Dion. Our cheekes and hollow eyes doe witnesse it.

Cle. O let those Cities that of plenties cup,
 And her prosperities so largely taste,
 With their superfluous riots heare these teares,
 The miserie of *Tharsus* may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Wheres the Lord Gouvernour?

Cle. Here, speake out thy sorrowes, which thee bringst
 in

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Liv.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

in hast, for comfort is too farre for vs to expect.

Lord. Wee haue descryed vpon our neighbouring shore, a portlie saile of ships make hitherward.

Cleon. I thought as much.

One sorrowe neuer comes but brings an heire,

That may succede as his inheritor :

And so in ours, some neighbouring nation,

Taking aduantage of our miserie,

That stuff't the hollow vessels with their power,

To beat vs downe, the which are downe already,

And make a conquest of vnhappie mee,

Whereas no glories got to ouercome.

Lord. That's the least feare.

For by the semblance of their white flagges displayde, they bring vs peace, and come to vs as fauourers, not as foes.

Cleon. Thou speak'st like himnes vntuterd to repeat

Who makes the fairest shoue, meanes most deceipt.

But bring they what they will and what they can,

What need wee leaue our grounds the lowest ?

And wee are halfe way there : Goe tell their Generall wee attend him heere, to know for what he comes, and whence he comes, and what he craues ?

Lord. I goe my Lord.

Cleon. Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist,

If warres, wee are vnable to resist.

Enter Pericles with attendants.

Per. Lord Gouvernour, for so wee heare you are,

Let not our Ships and number of our men,

Be like a beacon fier'd, t'amaze your eyes,

Wee haue heard your miseries as farre as Tyre,

And scene the desolation of your streets,

Nor come we to adde sorrow to your teares,

But to relieue them of their heauy load,

And these our Ships you happily may thinke,

Are

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*Liv.

Are like the Trojan Horse, was stufte within
 With bloody veines expecting ouerthrow,
 Are stor'd with Corne, to make your needie bread,
 And giue them life, whom hunger-staru'd halfe dead.

94

96

Omines. The Gods of Greece protect you,
 And wee'le pray for you.

Per. Arise I pray you, rise; we do not looke for reuerence,
 But for loue and harborage for our selfe, our ships, & men.

100

Cleon. The which when any shall not gratifie,
 Or pay you with vnthankfulnesse in thought,
 Be it our Wiues, our Children, or our selues,
 The Curse of heauen and men succeed their euils:
 Till when the which (I hope) shall neare be scene:
 Your Grace is welcome to our Towne and vs.

104

106

Peri. Which welcome wee'le accept, feast here awhile,
 Vntill our Starres that frowne, lend vs a smile. *Exeunt.*

108

*Enter Gower.*II.

Heere haue you scene a mightie King,
 His child I'wis to incest bring:
 A better Prince, and benigne Lord,
 That Will proue awfull both in deed and word:
 Be quiet then as men should bee,
 Till he hath past necessitie:
 I'll shew you those in troubles raigned,
 Loosing a Mite, a Mountaine gaine:
 The good in conuersation,
 To whom I giue my benizon:
 Is still at *Tharstill*, where each man,
 Thinkes all is writ, he spoken can:
 And to remember what he does,
 Build his Statue to make him glorious:
 But tidings to the contrarie,
 Are brought your eyes, what need speake I.

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C.

Dombe

*The Play of**Dombes shew.*

*Enter at one dore Pericles talking with Cleon, all the traine
with them : Enter at an other dore, a Gentleman with a
Letter to Pericles, Pericles shewes the Letter to Cleon,
Pericles gives the Messenger a reward, and Knights him:
Exit Pericles at one dore, and Cleon at an other.*

Good *Helicon* that stayde at home,
Not to eate Hony like a Drone,
From others labours ; for though he strive
To killen bad, keepe good alieue :
And to fulfill his prince desire,
Sau'd one of all, that haps in *Tyre* :
How *Thaliart* came full bent with sinne,
And had intent to murder him ;
And that in *Tharsis* was not best,
Longer for him to make his rest :
He doing so, put foorth to Seas,
Where when men been, there's seldome ease,
For now the Wind begins to blow,
Thunder aboue, and deepes below,
Makes such vnquiet, that the Shippe,
Should house him safe ; is wrackt and split,
And he (good Prince) hauing all lost,
By Waues, from coast to coast is toft :
All perishen of man, of pelfe,
Ne ought escapend but himselfe ;
Till Fortune tir'd with doing bad,
Threw him a shore, to giue him glad :
And heere he comes : what shall be next,
Pardon old *Gower*, this long's the text.

Enter Pericles wette.

Peri. Yet cease your ire you angry Starres of heauen,
Wind, Raine, and Thunder, remember earthly man.
Is but a substance that must yeeld to you :
And I (as fits my nature) do obey you.

Alasse

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Alasse, the Seas hath cast me on the Rocks,
 Washt me from shore to shore, and left my breath
 Nothing to thinke on, but ensuing death:
 Let it suffice the greatnesse of your powers,
 To haue bereft a Prince of all his fortunes;
 And hauing throwne him from your watry graue,
 Heere to haue death in peace, is all hee'le craue.

Enter three Fisher-men.

1. What, to pelch?

2. Ha, come and bring away the Nets.

1. What Patch-breech, I say.

3. What say you Maister?

1. Looke how thou stirr'st now:

Come away, or Ile fetch'th with a wanion.

3. Fayth Maister, I am thinking of the poore men,
 That were cast away before vs euen now.

1. Alasse poore soules, it grieued my heart to heare,
 What pittifull cryes they made to vs, to helpe them,
 When (welladay) we could scarce helpe our selues.

3. Nay Maister, sayd not I as much,
 When I saw the Porpas how he bounst and tumbled?
 They say they're halfe fish, halfe flesh:
 A plague on them, they nere come but I looke to be washt.
 Maister, I maruell how the Fishes liue in the Sea?

1. Why, as Men doe a-land;
 The great ones eate vp the little ones:
 I can compare our rich Misers to nothing so fitly,
 As to a Whale; a playes and tumbles,
 Drying the poore Fry before him,
 And at last, deuowre them all at a mouthfull:
 Such Whales haue I heard on, a'th land,
 Who neuer leaue gaping, till they swallow'd
 The whole Parish, Church, Steeple, Belles and all.

Per. A prettie morall.

3. But Maister, if I had been the Sexton,
 I would haue been that day in the belfrie.

2. Why, Man?

C 2.

1. Because

The Play of

1. Because he should haue swallowed mee too,
 And when I had been in his belly,
 I would haue kept such a iangling of the Belles,
 That he should neuer haue left,
 Till he cast Belles, Steeple, Church and Parish vp againe:
 But if the good King *Simonides* were of my minde.

Per. Simonides?

3. We would purge the land of these Drones,
 That robbe the Bee of her Hony.

*Per. How from the fenny subiect of the Sea,
 These Fishers tell the infirmities of men,
 And from their watry empire recollect,
 All that may men approue, or men detect.
 Peace be at your labour, honest Fisher-men.*

2. Honest good fellow what's that, if it be a day fits you
 Search out of the Kalender, and no body looke after

Peri. May see the Sea hath cast vpon your coast.

2. What a drunken Knaue was the Sea,
 To cast thee in our way?

*Per. A man whom both the Waters and the Winde,
 In that vast Tennis-court, hath made the Ball
 For them to play vpon, intreates you pittie him:
 Hee askes of you, that neuer vs'd to begge.*

1. No friend, cannot you begge?

Heer's them in our countrey of *Greece*,
 Gets more with begging, then we can doe with working.

2. Canst thou catch any Fishes then?

Peri. I neuer practizde it.

2. Nay then thou wilt starue sure: for heer's nothing to
 be got now-adayes, vnlesse thou canst fish for't.

*Per. What I haue been, I haue forgot to know;
 But what I am, want teaches me to thinke on:
 A man throng'd vp with cold, my Veines are chill,
 And haue no more of life then may suffice,
 To giue my tongue that heat to aske your helpe:
 Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,
 For that I am a man, pray you see me buried.*

1. Die

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

111.

1. Die, ke-tha ; now Gods forbid't, and I haue a Gowne heere, come put it on, keepe thee warme : now afore mee a handsome fellow : Come, thou shalt goe home, and wee'll haue Flesh for all day, Fish for fasting-dayes and more ; or Puddinges and Flap-iackes, and thou shalt be welcome,

84

Per. I thanke you sir.

+

2. Harke you my friend : You sayd you could not beg?

88

Per. I did but craue.

2. But craue?

Then Ile turne Crauer too, and so I shall scape whipping.

92

Per. Why, are you Beggers whipt then?

+

2. Oh not all, my friend, not all : for if all your Beggers were whipt, I would wish no better office, then to be Beadle: But Maister, Ile goe draw vp the Net.

96

Per. How well this honest mirth becomes their labour?

1. Harke you sir ; doe you know vvhere yee are?

100

Per. Not well.

1. Why Ile tell you, this I cald *Pantapoles*, And our King, the good *Symonides*.

+

Per. The good *Symonides*, doe you call him?

104

1. I sir, and he deserues so to be cal'd,

For his peaceable raigne, and good gouernement.

108

Per. He is a happy King, since he gaines from His subiects the name of good, by his gouernment. How farre is his Court distant from this shore?

1. Mary sir, halfe a dayes iourney : And Ile tell you, He hath a faire Daughter, and to morrow is her birth-day, And there are Princes and Knights come from all partes of the World, to Iust and Turney for her loue.

112

Per. Were my fortunes equall to my desires, I could wish to make one there.

116

1. O sir, things must be as they may : and what a man can not get, he may lawfully deale for his Wiues soule.

120

Enter the two Fisher-men, drawing vp a Net.

2. Helpe Maister helpe; heere's a Fish hanges in the Net, Like a poore mans right in the law: t'will hardly come out. Ha bots on't, tis come at last ; & tis turnd to a rusty Armour.

124

C 3.

Per. An

The Play of

Per. An Armour friends ; I pray you let me see it:
 † Thanks Fortune, yet that after all crosses,
 128 † Thou givest me somewhat to reparaire my selfe:
 And though it was mine owne part of my heritage,
 Which my dead Father did bequeath to me,
 132 With this strict charge euen as he left his life,
 Keepe it my *Percles*, it hath been a Shield
 Twixt me and death, and poynted to this brayfe,
 For that it faued me, keepe it in like necessitie:
 † The which the Gods protect thee, Fame may defend thee:
 136 It kept where I kept, I so dearely lou'd it,
 Till the rough Seas, that spares not any man,
 138 Tooke it in rage, though calm'd, haue giuen't againe:
 I thanke thee for't, my shipwracke now's no ill,
 140 Since I haue heere my Father gaue in his Will

1. What meane you sir?

Peri. To begge of you (kind friends) this Coate of worth,
 For it was sometime Target to a King;
 144 I know it by this marke: he loued me dearely,
 And for his sake, I wish the hauing of it;
 And that you'd guide me to your Soueraignes Court,
 Where with it, I may appeare a Gentleman:
 148 And if that euer my low fortune's better,
 149 Ile pay your bounties; till then, rest your debter.

1. Why wilt thou turney for the Lady?

Peri. Ile shew the vertue I haue borne in Armes.

1. Why do'take it: and the Gods giue thee good an't.
 2. I but harke you my friend, t'was wee that made vp
 this Garment through the rough seames of the Waters:
 156 there are certaine Condolements, certaine Vailes: I hope
 sir, if you thrive, you'll remember from whence you had
 them.

Peri. Beleeue't, I will:

160 By your furtherance I am cloth'd in Steele,
 † And spight of all the rapture of the Sea,
 This Iewell holdes his buylding on my arme:
 Vnto thy value I will mount my selfe

Vpon

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

111.

Vpon a Courser, whose delight steps,
 Shall make the gazer ioy to see him tread;
 Onely (my friend) I yet am vnprovided of a paire of Bases.

#164

2. Wee'le sure prouide, thou shalt haue
 My best Gowne to make thee a paire;
 And Ile bring thee to the Court my selfe.

168

Pers. Then Honour be but a Goale to my Will,
 This day Ile rise, or else addeill to ill.

172.

111

Enter Simonides, with attendaunce, and Thaisa.

King. Are the Knights ready to begin the Tryumph?

1. *Lord.* They are my Leidge, and stay your comming,
 To present themselves.

King. Returne them, We are ready, & our daughter heere,
 In honour of whose Birth, these Triumphs are,
 Sits heere like Beauties child, whom Nature gat,
 Formen to see; and seeing, woonder at.

4

Thai. It pleaseth you (my royall Father) to expresse
 My Commendations great, whose merit's lesse.

7

King. It's fit it should be so, for Princes are
 A modell which Heauen makes like to it selfe:
 As Iewels loose their glory, if neglected,
 So Princes their Renownes, if not respected:
 T'is now your honour (Daughter) to entertaine
 The labour of each Knight, in his deuice.

9

12

13

#

Thai. Which to preferre mine honour, I'll performe.

16

The first Knight passes by.

King. Who is the first, that doth preferre himselfe?

Thai. A Knight of Sparta (my renowned father)
 And the deuice he beares vpon his Shield,
 Is a blacke Ethyope reaching at the Sunne:
 The word: *Lux tua vita mihi.*

20

King. He loues you well, that holdes his life of you.

The second Knight.

Who is the second, that presents himselfe?

Tha. A

Ilii

The Play of

Tha. A Prince of *Macedon* (my royall father)
And the deuice he beares vpon his Shield,
Is an Armed Knight, that's conquered by a Lady:
The motto thus in Spanish. *Pue per doleera kee per forsa.*

3. *Knight. Kin.* And with the third?

Thas. The third, of *Antioch*; and his deuice,
A wreath of Chiuall: the word: *Me Pompey prouexit apex.*

4. *Knight. Km.* What is the fourth,

Thas. A burning Torch that's turned vpside downe;
The word: *Qus me alit me extinguit.*

Kin. Which shewes that Beautie hath his power & will,
Which can as well enflame, as it can kill.

5. *Knight. Thas.* The fift, an Hand enuironed with Clouds,
Holding out Gold, that's by the Touch-stone tride:
The motto thus: *Sic spectanda fides.*

6. *Knight. Km.* And what's the sixt, and last; the which,
The knight himself with such a graceful courtesie deliuered?

Thas. Hee seemes to be a Stranger: but his Present is
A withered Branch, that's onely greene at top,
The motto: *In hac spe uiuo.*

Kin. A pretty morrall frō the delected state wherein he is,
He hopes by you, his fortunes yet may flourish.

1. *Lord.* He had need meane better, then his outward shew
Can any way speake in his iust commend:
For by his rustie outside he appeares,
To haue practis'd more the Whipstocke, then the Launce.

2. *Lord.* He well may be a Stranger, for he comes
To an honour'd triumph, strangely furnisht.

3. *Lord.* And on set purpose let his Armour rust
Vntill this day, to scowre it in the dust.

Kin. Opinion's but a foole, that makes vs scan
The outward habit, by the inward man.

But stay, the Knights are coming,
We will with-draw into the Gallerie

Great shoutes, and all cry, the meane Knight.

Enter

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Enter the King and Knights from Tiling.

King. Knights, to say you're welcome, were superfluous.
I place vpon the volume of your deedes,
As in a Title page, your worth in armes,
Were more then you expect, or more then's fit,
Since euery worth in shew commends it selfe :
Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a Feast.
You are Princes, and my guesstes.

Thai. But you my Knight and guest,
To whom this Wreath of victorie I giue,
And crowne you King of this dayes happinesse.

Peri. Tis more by Fortune (Lady) then my Merit.

King. Call it by what you will, the day is your,
And here (I hope) is none that enuies it :
In framing an Artift, art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed,
And you are her labourd scholler : come Queene a th'feast,
For (Daughter) so you are ; heere take your place :
Martiall the rest, as they deserue their grace.

Knights. We are honour'd much by good *Symonides*.

King. Your presence glads our dayes, honour we loue,
For who hates honour, hates the Gods about.

Marshal. Sir, yonder is your place.

Peri. Some other is more fit.

1. Knight. Contend not sir, for we are Gentlemen,
Haue neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,
Enuies the great, nor shall the low despise.

Peri. You are right courtious Knights.

King. Sit sir, sit.

By loue (I wonder) that is King of thoughts,
These Cates resist mee, hee not thought vpon.

Tha. By *Iuno* (that is Queene of mariage)
All Viands that I eate do seeme vnfaery,
Wishing him my meat : sure hee's a gallant Gentleman.

King. Hee's but a countrie Gentleman ; ha's done no more
Then other Knights haue done, ha's broken a Staffe,

D

Or

The Play of

Uiii

Or so, so let it passe.

Tha. To mee he seemes like Diamond, to Glasse.

Peri. You Kings to mee, like to my fathers picture,
Which tels in that glory once he was,
Had Princes fit like Starres about his Throane,
And hee the Sunne for them to reuerence;
None that beheld him, but like lesser lights,
Did vaile their Crownes to his supremacie;
Where now his sonne like a Gloworme in the night,
The which hath Fire in darknesse, none in light:
Whereby I see that Time's the King of men,
Hee's both their Parent, and he is their Graue,
And giues them what he will, not what they craue.

King. What, are you merry, Knights?

Knights. Who can be other, in this royall presence.

King. Heere, with a Cup that's stur'd vnto the brim,
As do you loue, fill to your Mistris lippes,
Wee drinke this health to you.

Knights. We thanke your Grace.

King. Yet pause awhile, yon Knight doth sit too melan-
As if the entertainment in our Court, (choly,
Had not a shew might counteruaile his worth :
Note it not you, *Thaisa.*

Tha. What is't to me, my father ?

king. O attend my Daughter,
Princes in this, should liue like Gods aboue,
Who freely giue to euery one that come to honour them :
And Princes not doing so, are like to Gnats,
Which make a sound, but kild, are wondred at:
Therefore to make his entraunce more sweet,
Heere, say wee drinke this standing boule of wine to him.

Tha. Alas my Father, it befits not mee,
Vnto a stranger Knight to be so bold,
He may my profer take for an offence,
Since men take womens giftes for impudence.

king. How? doe as I bid you, or you'll mooue me else.

Tha. Now by the Gods, he could not please me better.

king.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

king. And furthermore tell him, we desire to know of him
Of whence he is, his name, and Parentage?

Tha. The King my father (sir) has drunke to you.

Peri. I thanke him.

Tha. Wishing it so much blood vnto your life.

Peri. I thanke both him and you, and pledge him freely.

Tha. And further, he desires to know of you,
Of whence you are, your name and parentage?

Peri. A Gentleman of *Tyre*, my name *Pericles*,
My education beene in Artes and Armes :
Who looking for aduentures in the world,
Was by the rough Seas reft of Ships and men,
and after shipwracke, driuen vpon this shore.

Tha. He thankes your Grace; names himselfe *Pericles*,
A Gentleman of *Tyre* : who onely by misfortune of the seas,
Bereft of Shippes and Men, cast on this shore.

king. Now by the Gods, I pittie his misfortune,
And will awake him from his melancholy.
Come Gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,
And waste the time which lookes for other reuels;
Euen in your Armour as you are addrest,
Will well become a Souldiers daunce :
I will not haue excuse with saying this,
Lowd Musicke is too harsh for Ladyes heads,
Since they loue men in armes, as well as beds.

They daunce.

So, this was well askt, t'was so well perform'd.
Come sir, heer's a Lady that wants breathing too,
And I haue heard, you Knights of *Tyre*,
Are excellent in making Ladyes trippes;
And that their Measures are as excellent.

Peri. In those that praetize them, they are (my Lord.)

king. Oh that's as much, as you would be denyed
Of your faire courtesie : vnclasp, vnclasp.

They daunce.

Thankes Gentlemen to all, all haue done well,
But you the best : Pages and lights, to conduct

D 2.

These

76

80

84

88 4

92

96

98

100

104

108

II.iii

The Play of

These Knights vnto their seuerall Lodgings :
Yours sir, we haue giuen order be next our owne.

Peri. I am at your Graces pleasure.

Princes, it is too late to talke of Loue,
And that's the marke I know, you leuell at:
Therefore each one betake him to his rest,
To morrow all for speeding do their best.

II.iiiv

Enter Hellicanus and Escanes.

Hell. No *Escanes*, know this of mee,
Antiochus from incest liued not free:
 For which the most high Gods not minding,
 Longer to with-hold the vengeance that
 They had in store, due to this heynous
 Capitall offence, euen in the height and pride
 Of all his glory, when he was seated in
 A Chariot of an inestimable value, and his daughter
 With him; a fire from heauen came and shruied
 Vp those bodies euen to lothing, for they so stounke,
 That all those eyes ador'd them, ere their fall,
 Scorne now their hand should giue them buriall.

Escanes. T'was very strange.

Hell. And yet but iustice; for though this King were greaz,
 His greatnesse was no gard to barre heauens shaft,
 But sinne had his reward.

Escan. Tis very true.

Enter two or three Lords.

1. Lord. See, not a man in priuate conference,
 Or counsaile, ha's respect with him but hee.

2. Lord. It shall no longer grieue, without reprove.

3. Lord. And curst be he that will not second it.

1. Lord. Follow me then: Lord *Hellicane*, a word.

Hell. With mee? and welcome happy day, my Lords.

1. Lord. Know, that our griefes are risen to the top,
 And now at length they ouer-flow their bankes.

Hell. Your griefes, for what?

Wrong

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Wrong not your Prince, you loue.

1. *Lord.* Wrong not your selfe then, noble *Hellican*,
But if the Prince do liue, let vs salute him,
Or know what ground's made happy by his breath :
If in the world he liue, wee'le seeke him out :
If in his Graue he rest, wee'le find him there,
And be resolu'd he liues to gonerne vs:
Or dead, giue's cause to mourne his funeral, 28
And leaue vs to our free election. 32

2. *Lord.* Whose death in deed, the strongest in our sensure,
And knowing this Kingdome is without a head,
Like goodly Buyldings left without a Roofe,
Soone fall to ruine : your noble selfe, 37
That best know how to rule, and how to raigne,
Wee thus submit vnto our Soueraigne. 39

Ommes. Liue noble *Hellicane*.

Hell. Try honours cause ; forbear your suffrages :
If that you loue Prince *Pericles*, forbear,
(Take I your wish, I leape into the seas,
Where's howerly trouble, for a minuts ease)
A twelue-month longer, let me intreat you
To forbear the abience of your King ;
If in which time expir'd, he not returne,
I shall with aged patience beare your yoake : 48
But if I cannot winne you to this loue,
Goe search like nobles, like noble subiects,
And in your search, spend your aduenturous worth,
Whom if you find, and winne vnto returne, 52
You shall like Diamonds sit about his Crowne.

1. *Lord.* To wisedome, hee's a foole, that will not yeeld :
And since Lord *Hellicane* enioyneth vs,
We with our trauels will endeaour, 56

Hell. Then you loue vs, we you, & wee'le claspe hands :
When Peeres thus knit, a Kingdome euer stands. 58

Enter the King reading of a letter at one doore,
the Knightes meete him.

1. *Knight.* Good morrow to the good *Simonides*.

D 3.

king.

The Play of

King. Knights, from my daughter this I let you know,
That for this twelue-month, shee'le not vndertake
A married life : her reason to her selfe is onely knowne,
Which from her, by no meanes can I get.

2. *Knight.* May we not get access to her (my Lord?)
king. Fayth, by no meanes, she hath so strictly
Tyed her to her Chamber, that t'is impossible :
One twelue Moones more shee'le weare *Dianas* liuerie:
This by the eye of *Cynthia* hath she vowed,
And on her Virgin honour, will not breake it.

3. *knight.* Loth to bid farewell, we take our leaues.

king. So, they are well dispatcht :
Now to my daughters Letter ; she telles me heere,
Shee'le wedde the stranger Knight,
Or neuer more to view nor day nor light.
T'is well Mistris, your choyce agrees with mine :
I like that well : nay how absolute she's in't,
Nor minding whether I dislike or no.
Well, I do commend her choyce, and will no longer
Haue it be delayed : Soft, heere he comes,
I must dissemble it.

Enter Pericles.

Peri. All fortune to the good *Symonides*.

King. To you as much : Sir, I am behoulding to you
For your sweete Musicke this last night :
I do protest, my eares were neuer better fedde
With such delightfull pleasing harmonie.

Peri. It is your Graces pleasure to commend,
Not my desert.

king. Sir, you are Musickes maister.

Peri. The worst of all her schollers (my good Lord.)

king. Let me aske you one thing :
What do you thinke of my Daughter, sir ?

Peri. A most vertuous Princesse.

king. And she is faire too, is she not ?

Peri. As a faire day in Sommer : woondrous faire.

king.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

king. Sir, my Daughter thinks very well of you,
I so well, that you must be her Maister,
And she will be your Scholler; therefore looke to it.

Peri. I am vnworthy for her Scholemaister.

king. She thinks not so: peruse this writing else.

Per. What's here, a letter that she loues the knight of *Tyre*?
Tis the Kings subtiltie to haue my life:
Oh seeke not to intrappe me, gracious Lord,
A Stranger, and distressed Gentleman,
That neuer aymed so hie, to loue your Daughter,
But bent all offices to honour her.

king. Thou hast bewitcht my daughter,
And thou art a villaine.

Peri. By the Gods I haue not; neuer did thought
Of mine leuie offence; nor neuer did my actions
Yet commence a deed might gaine her loue,
Or your displeasure.

king. Traytor, thou lye'st.

Peri. Traytor?

king. I, traytor.

Peri. Euen in his throat, vnlesse it be the King,
That calls me Traytor, I returne the lye.

king. Now by the Gods, I do applaude his courage.

Peri. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That neuer relisht of a base discent:

I came vnto your Court for Honours cause,

And not to be a Rebell to her state:

And he that otherwise accountes of mee,

This Sword shall prooue, hee's Honours enemy.

king. Notheere comes my Daughter, she can witnesse it.

Enter Thaisa.

Peri. Then as you are as vertuous, as faire,
Resolue your angry Father, if my tongue
Did ere solícite, or my hand subscribe
To any fillable that made loue to you?

Thai. Why sir, say if you had, who takes offence?

At

IIv.

The Play of

At that, would make me glad?

King. Yea Mistris, are you so peremptorie?

I am glad on't with all my heart,
Ile tame you; Ile bring you in subiection.

Aside.

Will you not, hauing my consent,
Bestow your loue and your affections,
Vpon a Stranger? who for ought I know,
May be (nor can I thinke the contrary)

Aside.

As great in blood as I my selfe :
Therefore, heare you Mistris, either frame
Your will to mine : and you sir, heare you,
Either be rul'd by mee, or Ile make you,
Man and wife : nay come, your hands,
And lippes must seale it too : and being ioynd,
Ile thus your hopes destroy, and for further grieve :
God giue you ioy ; what are you both pleased ?

Tha. Yes, if you loue me sir?

Pers. Euen as my life, my blood that fosters it.

King. What are you both agreed?

Ambo. Yes ift please your Maiestie.

King. It pleaseth me so well, that I will see you wed,
And then with what haste you can, get you to bed. *Exeunt.*

III

Enter Gower.

Now sleepe yslacked hath the rout,
No din but snores about the house,
Made louder by the orefed breast,
Of this most pompous maryage Feast :
The Catte with eyne of burning cole,
Now couthes from the Mouses hole;
And Cricket sing at the Ouens mouth,
Are the blyther for their drouth :
Hymen hath brought the Bride to bed,
Whereby the losse of maydenhead,
A Babe is moulded : be attent,

And

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

III.

And Time that is so briefly spent,
With your fine fancies quaintly each,
What's dumbe in shew, I'll plaine with speach.

12

14

*Enter Pericles and Symonides at one dore with attendantes,
a Messenger meetes them, kneeles and gives Pericles a letter,
Pericles shewes it Symonides, the Lords kneele to him;
then enter Thaysa with child, with Lichorida a nurse,
the King shewes her the letter, she reioyes: she and Pericles
take leave of her father, and depart.*

By many a dearme and painefull pearch
Of *Pericles* the carefull search,
By the fower opposing *Crignes*,
Which the world togeather ioynes,
Is made with all due diligence,
That horse and sayle and hie expence,
Can steed the quest at last from *Tyre*:
Fame answering the most strange enquire,
To'th Court of King *Symonides*,
Are Letters brought, the tenour these:
Antiochus and his daughter dead,
The men of *Tyrus*, on the head
Of *Helycanus* would set on
The Crowne of *Tyre*; but he will none:
The mutanie, hee there hastes to oppresse,
Says to 'em, if King *Pericles*
Come not home in twise fixe *Moones*,
He obedient to their doomes,
Will take the Crowne: the summe of this,
Brought hither to *Penapolis*,
Irayned the regions round,
And every one with claps can sound,
Our heyre apparant is a King:
Who dreamt? who thought off such a thing?
Brieft he must hence depart to *Tyre*,
His Queene with child, makes her desire,

16

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E,

Which

III.

The Play of

Which who shall crosse along to goe,
 Omit we all their dole and woe :
Lychorida her Nurse she takes,
 And so to Sea; their vessell shakes,
 On *Neptunes* billow, halfe the flood,
 Hath their Keele cut : but fortune mou'd,
 Varies againe, the grisled North
 Disgorges such a tempest forth,
 That as a Ducke for life that diues,
 So vp and downe the poore Ship drives .
 The Lady shreekes, and wel-a-neare,
 Do's fall in trauayle with her feare :
 And what ensues in this fell storme,
 Shall for it selfe, it selfe performe :
 I will relate, a fiction may
 Conueniently the rest conuay;
 Which might not : what by me is told,
 In your imagination hold :
 This Stage, the Ship, vpon whose Decke
 The seas tost *Pericles* appeares to speake.

60+

III.i

Enter Pericles a Shipboard.

Peri. The God of this great Vast, rebuke these surges,
 Which wash both heauen and hell, and thou that hast
 Vpon the Windes commaund, bind them in Brasse;
 Hauing call'd them from the deepe, ô still
 Thy deafning dreadfull thunders, gently quench
 Thy nimble sulphurous flashes : ô How *Lychorida* !
 How does my Queene? then storme venomously,
 Wilt thou speat all thy selfe? the sea-mans Whistle
 Is as a whisper in the eares of death,
 Vnheard *Lychorida*? *Lucina*, oh !
 Diuinest patrionesse, and my wife gentle
 To those that cry by night, conuey thy deitie
 Aboard our dauncing Boat, make swift the pangues
 Of my Queenes trauayles : now *Lychorida*.

12

Enter

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.**Enter Lychorida.*

Lychor. Heere is a thing too young for such a place,
Who if it had conceit, would die, as I am like to doe:
Take in your armes this peece of your dead Queene.

Per. How? how *Lychorida*?

Lycho. Patience (good fir) do not asist the storme,
Heer's all that is left living of your Queene;
A litle Daughter: for the sake of it,
Be manly, and take comfort.

Per. O you Gods!

Why do you make vs loue your goodly gyfts,
And snatch them straight away? we heere below,
Recall not what we giue, and therein may
Vse honour with you.

Lycho. Patience (good fir) euen for this charge.

Per. Now mylde may be thy life,
For a more blustering birth had neuer Babe:
Quiet and gentle thy conditions; for
Thou art the rudelyest welcome to this world,
That euer was Princes Child: happy what followes,
Thou hast as chiding a natiuitie,
As Fire, Ayre, Water, Earth, and Heauen can make,
To harould thee from the wombe:
Euen at the first, thy losse is more then can
Thy portage quit, with all thou canst find heere:
Now the good Gods throw their best eyes vpon't.

Enter two Saylers.

1. Sayl. What courage fir? God saue you.

Per. Courage enough, I do not feare the flaw,
It hath done to me the worst: yet for the loue
Of this poore Infant, this fresh new sea-farer,
I would it would be quiet.

1. Sayl. Slacke the bolins there; thou wilt not wilt thou?
Blow and split thy selfe.

2. Sayl. But Sea-roome, and the brine and cloudy billow
Kisse the Moone, I care not.

E 2.

1. Sayl. Sir

The Play of

1. Sir your Queene must ouer board, the sea workes hie,
The Wind is lowd, and will not lie till the Ship
Be cleard of the dead.

Per. That's your superstition.

1. Pardon vs, sir; with vs at Sea it hath bin still obserued,
And we are strong in casterne, therefore briefly yeeld'er,

Per. As you thinke meet; for she must ouer board straight;
Most wretched Queene.

Lychor. Heere shelyes fir.

Peri. A terrible Child-bed hast thou had (my deare,
No light, no fire, th'vnfriendly elements;
Forgot thee vtterly, nor haue I time
To giue thee hallowd to thy graue, but straight;
Must cast thee scarcely Coffind, in oare,
Where for a monument vpon thy bones,
The ayre remayning lampes, the belching Whale
And humming Water must oreweine thy corpes,
Lying with siniple shels: *ô Lychorida,*
Bid *Nestor* bring me Spices, Incke, and Taper,
My Casket, and my Jewels; and bid *Nicander*
Bring me the Sattin Coffin: lay the Babe
Vpon the Pillow; hie thee whiles I say
A priestly farewell to her: sodainely, woman.

2. Sir, we haue a Chift beneath the hatches,
Caulkt and bittumed ready.

Peri. I thanke thee: Mariner say, what Coast is this?

2. Wee are neere *Tharsus*.

Peri. Thither gentle Mariner,
Alter thy course for *Tyre*: When canst thou reach it?

2. By breake of day, if the Wind cease.

Peri. O make for *Tharsus*,
There will I visit *Cleon*, for the Babe
Cannot hold out to *Tyrus*; there Ile leaue it
At carefull nursing: goe thy wayes good Mariner,
Ile bring the body presently.

Exit.

Enter

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.**Enter Lord Cerymon with a seruant.**Cery.* Phylemon, hoe.*Enter Phylemon.**Phyl.* Doth my Lord call?*Cery.* Get Fire and meat for these poore men,
T'as been a turbulent and stormie night.*Serv.* I haue been in many; but such a night as this,
Till now, I neare endured.*Cery.* Your Maister will be dead ere you returne,
There's nothing can be ministred to Nature,
That can recouer him: giue this to the Pothecary,
And tell me how it workes.*Enter two Gentlemen.**1. Gent.* Goodmorrow.*2. Gent.* Good morrow to your Lordship,*Cery.* Gentlemen, why doe you stirre so early?*1. Gent.* Sir, our lodgings standing bleake vpon the sea,
Shooke as the earth did quake:The very principals did seeme to rend and all to topple:
Pure surprize and feare, made me to quite the house.*2. Gent.* That is the cause we trouble you so early,
T'is not our husbandry.*Cery.* O you say well.*1. Gent.* But I much maruaile that your Lordship,
Hauing rich tye about you, should at these early howers,
Shake off the golden slumber of repose; tis most strange.
Nature should be so conuerfant with Paine,
Being thereto not compelled.*Cery.* I hold it euer Vertue and Cunning,
Were endowments greater, then Noblenesse & Riches;
Carelesse Heyres, may the two latter darken and expend;
But Immortalitie attendes the former,
Making a man a god:

T'is knowne, I euer haue studied Physicke:

Through which secret Art, by turning ore Authorities,

E. 3.

I haue

The Play of

I haue together with my practize, made famylar,
 To me and to my ayde, the blest infusions that dwels
 In Vegeriues, in Mettals, Stones : and can speake of the
 Disturbances that Nature works, and of her cures ;
 which doth giue me amore content in course of true delight
 Then to be thirsty after tottering honour, or
 Tie my pleasure vp in silken Bagges,
 To please the Foole and Death.

2. Gent. Your honour has through *Ephesus*,
 Poured forth your charitie, and hundreds call themselves,
 Your Creatures; who by you, haue been restored;
 And not your knowledge, your personall payne,
 But euen your Purse still open, hath built Lord *Cerimon*,
 Such strong renowne, as time shall neuer.

Enter two or three with a Chist.

Seru. So, lift there.

Cer. What's that?

Ser. Sir, euen now did the sea tosse vp vpon our shore
 This Chist; tis of some wracke.

Cer. Set't downe, let's looke vpon't.

2. Gent. T'is like a Coffin, sir.

Cer. What ere it be, t'is woondrous heauie;
 Wrench it open straight :
 If the Seas stomacke be orecharg'd with Gold,
 T'is a good constraint of Fortune it belches vpon vs.

2. Gent. T'is so, my Lord.

Cer. How close tis caulkt & bottomed, did the sea cast it vp?

Ser. I neuer saw so huge a billow sir, as toft it vpon shore.

Cer. Wrench it open soft; it smels most sweetly in my sense.

2. Gent. A delicate Odour.

Cer. As euer hit my nostrill : so, vp with it.
 Oh you most potent Gods ! what's here, a Corse?

2. Gent. Most strange.

Cer. Shrowded in Cloth of state, balmed and entreaured
 with full bagges of Spices, a Pasport to *Apollo*, perfect mee
 in the Characters :

Exeunt

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

*Here I gine to vnderstand,
 If ere this Coffin drives a land;
 I King Pericles haue lost
 This Queene, worth all our mundaine cost:
 Who finds her, gine her burying,
 She was the Daughter of a King:
 Besides, this Treasure for a fee,
 The Gods requit his charitie.*

If thou liuest *Pericles*, thou hast a heart,
 That euer cracks for woe, this chaunc'd to night.

2. *Gent.* Most likely fir.

Cer. Nay certainly to night, for looke how fresh she looks.
 They were too rough, that threw her in the sea.
 Make a Fire within; fetch hither all my Boxes in my Closet,
 Death may vsurpe on Nature many howers, and yet
 The fire of life kindle againe the ore-prest spirits:
 I heard of an *Egyptian* that had 9. howers lien dead,
 Who was by good applyaunce recovered.

Enter one with Napkins and Fire.

Well sayd, well sayd; the fire and clothes: the rough and
 Wofull Musick that we haue, cause it to sound beseech you:
 The Violl once more; how thou stirr'st thou blocke?
 The Musicke there: I pray you giue her ayre:
 Gentlemen, this Queene will liue,
 Nature awakes a warmth breath out of her;
 She hath not been entranc't aboute fiue howers:
 See how she ginnes to blow into lifes flower againe.
 1. *Gent.* The Heauens, through you, encrease our wonder,
 And sets vp your fame for euer.

Cer. She is aliue, behold her ey-lids
 Cases to those heauenly iewels which *Pericles* hath lost,
 Begin to part their fringes of bright gold,
 The Diamonds of a most prayd water doth appeare,
 To make the world twise rich, liue, and make vs weepe.
 To heare your fate, faire creature, rare as you seeme to bee.

Shee moues.

Thai. O deare *Diana*, where am I? where's my Lord?
 What

III.ii

The Play of

What world is this?

2. *Gent.* Is not this strange? 1. *Gent.* Most rare.

Cers. Hush (my gentle neighbours) lend me your hands,
To the next Chamber beare her : get linnen:
Now this matter must be lookt to for her relapse
Is mortall : come, come ; and *Escelapins* guide vs.

They carry her away. Exeunt omnes.

III.iii.†

Enter Pericles, Atharvus with Cleon and Dionisa.

Per. Most honor'd *Cleon*, I must needs be gone, my twelue
months are expir'd, and *Tyrus* standes in a litigious peace:
You and your Lady take from my heart all thankfulnessse,
The Gods make vp the rest vpon you.

Cle. Your shakes of fortune, though they hant you mor-
Yet glaunce full wondringly on vs. (tally

Dr. O your sweet Queene ! that the strict fates had pleas'd,
you had brought her hither to haue blest mine eies with her.

Per. We cannot but obey the powers aboue vs;
Could I rage and rore as doth the sea she lies in,
Yet the end must be as tis : my gentle babe *Marina*,
Whom, for she was borne at sea, I haue named so,
Here I charge your charitie withall; leauing her
The infant of your care, beseeching you to giue her
Princely training, that she may be manere'd as she is borne.

Cle. Feare not (my Lord) but thinke your Grace,
That fed my Countrie with your Corne; for which,
The peoples prayers still fall vpon you, must in your child
Be thought on, if neglection should therein make me vile,
The common body by you relieu'd,
Would force me to my duty : but if to that,
My nature neede a spurre, the Gods reuenge it
Vpon me and mine, to the end of generation.

Per. I beleene you, your honour and your goodnes,
Teach me too't without your vowe, till she be married,
Madame by bright *Diana*, whom we honour,
All vnisterd shall this heyre of mine remayne,
Though I shew will in't; so I take my leaue :
Good Madame, make me blessed in your care
In bringing vp my Child.

Cler. I

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

III.iii.

Dion. I haue one my selfe, who shall not be more deere
to my respect then yours, my Lord.

32

Peri. Madam, my thanks and prayers.

Cler. Weel bring your Grace ene to the edge ath shore,
then giue you vp to the mask'd *Neptune*, and the gentlest
winds of heauen.

36

Peri. I will imbrace your offer, come deereft Madame,
O no teares *Lichersda*, no teares, looke to your litle Mistris,
on whose grace you may depend hereafter : come my
Lord.

40

Enter Cerimon, and Tharsa.

III.iv.
#

Cer. Madam, this Letter, and some certaine Jewels,
Lay with you in your Coffer, which are at your command :
Know you the Charecter?

Thar. It is my Lords, that I was shipt at sea I well remem-
ber, euen on my learning time, but whether there deliue-
red, by the holie gods I cannot rightly say : but since King
Pericles my wedded Lord, I nere shall see againe, a vastall
liuerie will I take me to, and neuer more haue ioy.

4

+

8

Cler. Madam, if this you purpose as ye speake,
Dianaes Temple is not distant farre,
Where you may abide till your date expire,
Moreouer if you please a Neece of mine,
Shall there attend you.

12

Thin. My recompence is thanks, thats all,
Yet my good will is great, though the gift small. *Exit.*

16

IV.

Enter Gower.

Imagine *Pericles* arriude at *Tyre*,
Welcomd and setled to his owne desite:
His wofull Queene we leaue at *Ephesus*,
Vnto *Diana* ther's a Votarisse.

2

4

F

Now

IV.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Now to *Marina* bend your mind,
 Whom our fast growing scene must finde
 At *Tharsus*, and by *Cleon* traind
 In Musicks letters, who hath gaind
 Of education all the grace,
 Which makes hie both the art and place
 Of generall wonder: but alacke
 That monster Enuie oft the wracke
 Of earned praise, *Marinas* life
 Seeke to take off by treasons knife,
 And in this kinde, our *Cleon* hath
 One daughter and a full growne wench,
 Euen right for marriage sight: this Maid
 Hight *Philoten*: and it is said
 For certaine in our storie, thee
 Would euer with *Marina* bee.
 Beet when they weaude the sleded silke,
 With fingers long, small, white as milke,
 Or when she would with sharpe needle wound,
 The Cambricke which she made more sound
 By hurting it or when too'th Lure
 She sung, and made the night bed mute,
 That still records with mone, or when
 She would with rich and constant pen,
 Vaile to her Mistresse *Dian*. still,
 This *Phyloten* contends in skill
 With absolute *Marina*: so
 The Doue of *Paphos* might with the crow
 Vie feathers white, *Marina* gets
 All prayfes, which are paid as debts,
 And not as giuen, this so darkes
 In *Phyloten* all gracefull markes,
 That *Cleons* wife with Enuie rare,
 A present murderer does prepare
 For good *Marina*, that her daughter

Might

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

IV.

Might stand peerlesse by this slaughter.
 The sooner her vile thoughts to head,
Lichorida our nurse is dead,
 And curst *Dioniza* hath
 The pregnant instrument of wrath.
 Preft for this blow, the vnborne euent,
 I doe commend to your content,
 Onely I carried winged Time,
 Post one the lame secte of my rime,
 Which neuer could I so conuicy,
 ynellese your thoughts went on my way,
Dioniza does appeare,
 With *Leonine* a murtherer. *Exit.*

40

42

44

46

48

50

52

Enter Dioniza, with Leonine.

IV.1.

Dion. Thy oath remember, thou hast sworn to doo't,
 tis but a blowe which neuer shall bee knowne, thou
 canst not doe a thing in the worlde so soone to yelde
 thee so much profite: let not conscience which is but
 cold, in flaming, thy loue bosome, enflame too nicelie,
 nor let pittie which euen women haue cast off, melt thee,
 but be a souldier to thy purpose.

4

6

Leon. I will doo't, but yet she is a goodly creature.

8

Dion. The fitter then the Gods should haue her.
 Here she comes weeping for her onely Mistresse death,
 Thou art resolute,

12

Leon. I am resolute.

Enter Marina with a Basket of flowers.

Mar. No: I will rob *Tellus* of her weede to strowe
 thy Greene with Flowers, the yellowes, blewes, the purple
 Violets, and Marigolds, shall as a Carpet hang vpon thy
 graue, while Sommer dayes doth last: Aye me poore maid,

16

IV.i

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

borne in a tempest, when my mother did, this world to me
is a lasting storme, whirring me from my friends.

Dion. How now *Marina*, why doe you keep alone?
How chaunce my daughter is not with you?
Doe not consume your bloud with sorrowing,
Haue you a nurse of me? Lord how your fauours
Changd with this vnprofitable woe:

Come giue me your flowers, ere the sea marre it,
Walke with *Leonine*, the ayre is quicke there,
And it perces and sharpenes the stomacke,
Come *Leonine* take her by the arme, walke with her.

Mari. No I pray you, Ile not becaue you of your seruāt.

Dion. Come, come, I loue the king your father, and your
selfe, with more then forraine heart, wee euery day expect
him here, when he shall come and find our Paragon to all
reports thus blasted,

He will repent the breadth of his great voyage, blame both
my Lord and me, that we haue taken no care to your best
courses, go I pray you, walke and be chearfull once againe,
reserue that excellent complexion, which did steale the
eyes of yong and old. Care not for me, I can goe home a-
longe.

Mari. Well, I will goe, but yet I haue no desire too it.

Dion. Come, come, I know tis good for you, walke halfe
an houre *Leonine*, at the least, remember what I haue sed.

Leon. I warrant you Madam.

Dion. Ile leaue you my sweete Ladie, for a while, pray
walke softly, doe not heate your bloud, what, I must haue
care of you.

Mari. My thanks sweete Madame, Is this wind Westerlie
that blowes?

Leon. Southwest.

Mari. When I was borne the wind was North.

Leon. Waist so?

Mari. My father, as nurse ses, did neuer scare, but cryed
good

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

IV.i.

good sea-men to the Saylers, galling his kingly hands hal-
ling ropes, and clasping to the Mast, endured a sea that al-
most burst the decke.

Leon. When was this?

Mari. When I was borne, neuer was waues nor winde
more violent, and from the ladder tackle, washes off a can-
uas clymer, ha ses one, wolt out? and with a dropping in-
dustrie they skip from sterne to sterne, the Boatswaine
whistles, and the Maister calles and trebles their confusion.

Leon. Come say your prayers,

Mari. What meane you?

Leon. If you require a little space for praier, I graunt it,
pray, but bee not tedious, for the Gods are quicke of care,
and I am sworne to do my worke with haste.

Mari. Why will you kill me?

Leon. To satisfie my Ladie.

Mari. Why would thee haue mee kild now? as I can re-
member by my troth, I neuer did her hurt in all my life, I
neuer spake bad worde, nor did ill turne to aneliuing crea-
ture: Beleeue me law, I neuer killd a Mous, nor hurta Fly:
I trode vpon a worme against my will, but I wept fort. How
haue I offended, wherein my death might yeeld her anie
profit, or my life imply her any danger?

Leon. My Commission is not to reason of the deed, but
doo't.

Mari. You will not doo't for all the world I hope: you
are well fauoured, and your lookes foreshew you haue a
gentle heart, I saw you latelie when you caught hurt in par-
ting two that fought: good sooth it shewde well in you, do
fo now, your Ladie seekes my life Come, you betweene, and
faue poore mee the weaker.

Leon. I am sworne and will dispatch. *Enter Pirats.*

Pirat. 1. Hold villaine.

Pirat. 2. A prize, a prize.

Pirat. 3. Halfe part mates, halfe part. Come lets haue
F 3 her

56

60

64

68

72

76

80

84

88

92

IV.i

96

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

her aboard sodainly.

Exit.

Enter Leonine.

100

Leon. These rogueing theecus scrue the great Pyrate
Valdes, and they haue seized *Marina*, let her goe, ther's no
 hope shee will returne, Ile sweare shees dead, and throwne
 into the Sea, but ile see further: perhappes they will but
 please themselues vpon her, not carrie her aboard, if shee
 remaine
 Whome they haue rauisht, must by mee be slaine.

Exit.

IV.ii

Enter the three Bawdes.

Pander. Boulr.

Boulr. Sir.

4

Pander. Searche the market narrowly, *Mettehne* is
 full of gallants, wee lost too much much money this mart
 by beeing too wenchlesse.

8

Bawd. Wee were neuer so much out of Creatures, we
 haue but poore three, and they can doe no more then they
 can doe, and they with continuall action, are euen as good
 as rotten.

12

Pander. Therefore lets haue fresh ones what ere wee pay
 for them, if there bee not a conscience to be vsde in cuerie
 trade, wee shall neuer prosper.

16

Bawd. Thou sayst true, tis not our bringing vp of poore
 bastards, as I thinke, I haue brought vp some eleuen.

Boulr. I to eleuen, and brought them downe againe,
 but shall I searche the market?

20

Bawd. What else man? the stufte we haue, a strong
 winde will blowe it to peeces, they are so pittifully sodden.

Pan-

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

IV.ii

Pandor. Thou sayest true, ther's two vnwholefome a
conscience, the poore *Transiluanian* is dead that laye with
the little baggadg.

†

Boul. I, shee quickly poupt him, she made him roast-
meate for wormes, but Ile goe searche the market.

24

Exit.

Pand. Three or foure thousande Checkins were as
prettie a proportion to liue quietly, and so giue ouer.

28

Bawd. Why, to giue ouer I pray you? Is it a shame to
get when wee are olde?

32

Pand. Oh our credite comes not in like the commo-
ditie, nor the commoditie wages not with the daunger:
therefore if in our youtthes we could picke vp some prettie
estate, t'were not amisse to keepe our doore hatch't, besides
the fore tearmes we stand vpon with the gods, wilbe strong
with vs for giuing ore.

36

Bawd. Come other sorts offend as well as wee.

40

Pand. As well as wee. I, and better too, wee offende
worfe, neither is our profession any trade, It's no calling,
but heere comes *Boul.*

Enter Boul with the Pirates and Marina.

Boul. Come your wayes my maisters, you say shee's a
virgin.

Sayler. O Sir, wee doubt it not.

Boul. Master, I haue gone through for this peece you
fee, if you like her so, if not I haue lost my earnest.

48

Bawd. *Boul* has shee anie qualities?

Boul. Shee has a good face, speakes well, and has ex-
cellent good cloathes: theres no farther necessitie of qua-
lities can make her be refuz'd

52

Bawd. What's her price *Boul*?

Boul.

IVii

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Boult. I cannot be bated one doyt of a thousand peeces.

Pand. Well, follow me my maisters, you shall haue your money presently, wife take her in, instruct her what she has to doe, that she may not be rave in her entertainment.

Bawd. *Boult*, take you the markes of her, the colour of her haire, complexion, height, her age, with warrant of her virginitie, and crie, He that wil giue most shal haue her first, such a mayden head were no cheape thing, if men were as they haue beene: get this done as I command you.

Boult. Performance shall follow. *Exit.*

Mar. Alacke that *Leonine* was so slacke, so slow, he should haue strooke, not spoke, or that these Pirates, not enough barbarous, had not oreboord throwne me, for to seeke my mother.

Bawd. Why lament you prettie one?

Mar. That I am prettie.

Bawd. Come, the Gods haue done their part in you.

Mar. I accuse them not.

Bawd. You are light into my hands, where you are like to liue.

Mar. The more my fault, to scape his handes, where I was to die.

Bawd. I, and you shall liue in peasure.

Mar. No.

Bawd. Yes indeed shall you, and taste Gentlemen of all fashions, you shall fare well, you shall haue the difference of all complexions, what doe you stop your cares?

Mar. Are you a woman?

Bawd. What would you haue mee be, and I bee not a woman?

Mar. An honest woman, or not a woman.

Bawd. Marie whip the Gosseling, I thinke I shall haue something to doe with you, come you'r a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would haue you.

Mar. The Gods defend me.

Bawd.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Baud. If it please the Gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men stir you vp: *Boults* returnd. Now sir, hast thou cride her through the Market?

Boults. I haue cryde her almost to the number of her haire, I haue drawne her picture with my voice.

Baud. And I prethee tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the yonger sort?

Boults. Faith they listened to mee, as they would haue harkened to their fathers testament, there was a Spaniards mouth watred, and he went to bed to her verie description.

Baud. We shall haue him here to morrow with his best ruffe on.

Boults. To night, to night, but Mistresse doe you knowe the French knight, that cowers ethe hams?

Baud. Who, *Monsieur Verollus*?

Boults. I, he, he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation, but he made a groane at it, and swore he would see her to morrow.

Baud. Well, well, as for him, hee brought his disease hither, here he does but repaire it, I knowe hee will come in our shadow, to scatter his crownes in the Sunne.

Boults. Well, if we had of euerie Nation a trauceller, wee should lodge them with this signe.

Baud. Pray you come hither a while, you haue Fortunes comming vpon you, marke mee, you must seeme to doe that fearefully, which you commit willingly, despise profite, where you haue most gaine, to weepe that you liue as yee doe, makes pittie in your Louers seldome, but that pittie begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a meere profite.

Mari. I vnderstand you not.

Boults. O take her home Mistresse, take her home, these blushes of hers must bee quencht with some present practise.

G

Mari.

IV.ii.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Mari. Thou sayest true yfaith, so they must, for your
Bride goes to that with shame, which is her way to goe with
warrant.

140 *Boul.* Faith some doe, and some doe not, but Mistresse
if I haue bargained for the ioynt.

Baud. Thou maist cut a morsell off the spit.

Boul. I may so.

Baud. Who should denie it?

144 Come young one, I like the manner of your garments
well.

Boul. I by my faith, they shall not be changd yet.

148 *Baud.* *Boul.* spend thou that in the towne: report what
a sojourner we haue, youle loofe nothing by custome.
When Nature framde this peece, shee meant thee a good
turne, therefore say what a parragon she is, and thou hast
the haruest out of thine owne report.

152 *Boul.* I warrant you Mistresse, thunder shall not so a-
wake the beds of Eccles, as my giuing out her beautie stirs
vp the lewdly enclined, Ile bring home some to night.

156 *Baud.* Come your wayes, follow me.

159 *Mari.* If fires be hote, kniues sharpe, or waters deepe,
160 Vntide I still my virgin knot will keepe.

Diana ayde my purpose.

Baud. What haue we to doe with *Diana*, pray you will
you goe with vs?

Exit.

IV.iii.

Enter Cleon, and Dioniza.

Dion. Why ere you foolish, can it be vndone?

Cleon. O *Dioniza*, such a peece of slaughter,
the Sunne and Moone nere lookt vpon.

4 f *Dion.* I thinke youle turne a chidle agen.

Cle.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Cleon. Were I chiefe Lord of all this spacious world, I'de giue it to vndo the dee'de. O Ladie much leife in bloud then vertue, yet a Princes to equall any single Crowne ath earth-ith Iustice of compare, O villaine, *Leonine* whom thou hast poisoned too, if thou hadst drunke to him tad beene a kindnesse becomming well thy face, what canst thou say when noble *Pericles* shall demaund his child?

Dion. That shee is dead, Nurles are not the fates to foster it, not euer to preferue, shee dide at night, Ile say so, who can crosse it vnlesse you play the impious Innocent, and for an honest attribute, crie out shee dyde by foule play.

Cle. O goe too, well, well, of all the faults beneath the heauens, the Gods doe like this worst.

Dion. Be one of those that thinkes the pettie wrens of *Tharsus* will flie hence, and open this to *Pericles*, I do shame to thinke of what a noble straine you are, and of how coward a spirit.

Cle. To such proceeding who euer but his approbation added, though not his prince consent, he did not flow from honourable courses.

Dion. Be it so then, yet none does knowe but you how shee came dead, nor none can knowe *Leonine* being gone. Shee did disdain my childe, and stood betweene her and her fortunes: none woude looke on her, but cast their gazes on *Marianas* face, whilest ours was blurred at, and helde a Mawkin not worth the time of day. It pierst me thorow, and though you call my course vn-naturall, you not your childe well louing, yet I finde it greets mee as an enterprize of kindnesse performd to your sole daughter.

Cle. Heauens forgieue it.

Dion. And as for *Pericles*, what should hee say, we wept after her hearse, & yet we mourne, her monument is almost finished, & her epitaphs in glittering gold characters expres

IViii

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

a generall prayse to her, and care in vs at whose expence tis done.

Cle. Thou art like the Harpie,
Which to betray, doest with thine Angells face ceaze with
thine Eagles talents,

Dion. Yere like one that superstitiously,
Doe sweare too'th Gods, that Winter kills
The Fliies, but yet I know, youle
doe as I aduise.

Goner. Thus time we waste, & long leagues make short,
Saile seas in Cockles, haue and wish but fort,
Making to take our imagination,
From bourne to bourne, region to region,
By you being pardoned we commit no crime,
To vse one language, in each seuerall clime,
Where our sceanes seemes to liue,
I doe beseech you

To learne of me who stand with gappes
To teach you.

The stages of our storie *Pericles*

Is now againe thwarting thy wayward seas,
Attended on by many a Lord and Knight,
To see his daughter all his liues delight.

Old *Helicanus* goes along behind,

Is left to gouerne it, you beare in mind.

Old *Escanes*, whom *Helicanus* late

Aduancede in time to great and hie estate.

Well sayling ships, and bounteous winds

Haue brought

This king to *Tharsus*, thinke this Pilat thought

So with his sterage, shall your thoughts grone

To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone

Like moats and shadowes, see them

Moue a while,

Your cares vnto your eyes Ile reconcile.

Enter

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Enter Pericles at one doore, with all his trayne, Cleon and Dioniza at the other. Cleon shewes Pericles the tombe, whereat Pericles makes lamentation, putt on sack-cloth, and in a mighty passion departs.

Gowr. See how beleefe may suffer by fowie shoue,
This borrowed passion stands for true olde woe :
And Pericles in sorrowe all deuour'd,
With sighes shot through, and biggest teares ore-showr'd,
Leaues *Tharsus*, and againe imbarques, hee sweares
Neuer to wash his face, nor cut his hayres :
Hee put on sack-cloth, and to Sea he beares,
A Tempest which his mortall vessell teares.
And yet hee rydes it out, Nowe please you wit:
The Epitaph is for *Marina* writ, by wicked *Dioniza*.

*The fairest, sweetest, and best lyes heere,
Whom ishered in her spring of yeare :
She was of Tyrrus the Kings daughter,
On whom fowle death hath made this slaughter.
Marina was shee call'd, and at her byrth,
Thetis being proud, swallowed some part at earth :
Therefore the earth fearing to be ore-floud,
Hath Thetis byrth-child on the heanens bestowed.
Wherefore she does and sweares shee neuer stint,
Make raging Battery upon shores of flint.
No vizor does become blacke villanie,
So well as soft and tender flatterie :
Let Pericles beleecue his daughter's dead,
And beare his courses to be ordered ;
By Lady Fortune, while our Steare must play,
His daughters woe and heauie welladay.
In her vnholie seruice : Patience then,
And thinke you now are all in *Mittelim*.*

Exit.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. Gent. Did you euer heare the like?

G 3

Gower.

IV.v

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

2. *Gent.* No, nor neuer shall doe in such a place as this, shee beeing once gone.

1. But to haue diuinitie preach't there, did you euer dreame of such a thing?

2. No, no, come, I am for no more bawdie houses, shall's goe heare the Vestalls sing?

1. He doe any thing now that is vertuous, but I am out of the road of rutting for euer. *Exit,*

IV.vi

Enter Bawdes 3.

Pand. Well, I had rather then twice the worth of her shee had nere come heere.

Bawd. Fye, fye, vpon her, shee's able to freeze the god *Priapus*, and vndoe a whole generation, we must either get her rauished, or be rid of her, when she should doe for Clyents her fitment, and doe mee the kindenesse of our profession, shee has me her quirks, her reasons, her master reasons, her prayers, her knees, that shee would make a *Puritaine* of the diuell, if hee should cheapen a kisse of her.

Boult. Faith I must rauish her, or shee'le disfigure vs of all our Cauallerece, and make our swearers priests.

Pand. Now the poxe vpon her greene sicknes for mee.

Bawd. Faith ther's no way to be ridde on't but by the way to the pox. Here comes the Lord *Lyfimachus* disguised.

Boult. Wee should haue both Lorde and Lowne, if the peeuish baggage would but giue way to customers.

Enter Lyfimachus.

Lyfim. How now, how a douzen of virginities?

Bawd. Now the Gods to blisse your Honour.

Boult. I am glad to see your Honour in good health.

Li. You may, so t'is the better for you that your resorters stand vpon sound legges, how now? wholsome iniquitie haue you, that a man may deale withall, and desie the Surgion?

Bawd. Wee haue heere one Sir, if shee would, but there

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

there neuer came her like in *Meteline*. (say.

Li. If shee'd doe the deedes of darknes thou wouldst

Bawd. Your Honor knows what 't is to say wel enough.

Li. Well, call forth, call forth.

Boul. For flesh and bloud Sir, white and red, you shall see a rose, and she were a rose indeed, if shee had but.

Li. What prithi?

Boul. O Sir, I can be modest.

Li. That dignities the renowne of a Bawde, no lesse then it giues a good report to a number to be chaste.

Bawd. Heere comes that which growes to the stalke, Neuer pluckt yet I can assure you.

Is shee not a faire creature?

Ly. Faith shee would serucafter a long voyage at Sea, Well theres for you, leaue vs.

Bawd. I beseeche your Honor giue me leaue a word, And Ile haue done presentiy.

Li. I beseech you doe.

Bawd. First, I would haue you note, this is an Honorable man. (note him.

Mar. I desire to finde him so, that I may worthilie

Bawd. Next hees the Gouvernor of this countrey, and a man whom I am bound too.

Ma. If he gouerne the countrey you are bound to him indeed, but how honorable hee is in that, I knowe not.

Bawd. Pray you without anie more virginall fencing, will you vse him kindly? he will lync your apron with gold.

Ma. What hee will doe gratiouly, I will thankfully receiue.

Li. Ha you done?

Bawd. My Lord shees not pac'te yet, you must take some paines to worke her to your mannage, come wee will leaue his Honor, and her together, goe thy wayes. (trade?

Li. Now prittie one, how long haue you beene at this

Ma. What trade Sir?

Li. Why

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Li. Why, I cannot name but I shall offend. (name it.

Ma. I cannot be offended with my trade, please you to

Li. How long haue you bene of this profession?

Ma. Ere since I can remember.

Li. Did you goe too't so young, were you a gamester
at five, or at seuen?

Ma. Earlyer too Sir, if now I bee one.

Ly. Why? the house you dwell in proclaimes you to
be a Creature of sale.

Ma. Doe you knowe this house to be a place of such
resort, and will come intoo't? I heare say you're of honour-
able parts, and are the Gouvernour of this place.

Li. Why, hath your principall made knowne vnto
you who I am?

Ma. Who is my principall?

Li. Why, your hearbe-woman, she that sets seeds and
rootes of shame and iniquitie.

O you haue heard something of my power, and so
stand aloft for more serious wooing, but I protest to thee
prettie one, my authoritie shall not see thee, or else looke
friendly vpon thee, come bring me to some priuate place:
Come, come.

Ma. If you were borne to honour, shew it now, if put
vpon you, make the iudgement good, that thought you
worthie of it.

Li. How's this? how's this? some more, be sage.

Mar. For me that am a maide, though most vngentle
Fortune haue plac't mee in this Stie, where since I came,
discafes haue beene solde deerer then Phisicke, that the
gods would set me free from this vnhalowed place, though
they did chaunge mee to the meanest byrd that flies i'th
purer ayre.

Li. I did not thinke thou couldst haue spoke so well,
nere drempt thou could'st, had I brought hither a cor-
rupted minde, thy speeche had altered it, holde, heeres
golde,

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*IV.vi.

golde for thee, perseuer in that cleare way thou goest and the gods strengthen thee.

Ma. The good Gods preferue you.

Li. For me be youtoughten, that I came with no ill intent, for to me the very dores and windows sauor vilely, fare thee well, thou art a peece of vertue, & I doubt not but thy training hath bene noble, hold, heeres more golde for thee, a curse vpon him, die he like a theefe that robs thee of thy goodnes, if thou doest heare from me it shalbe for thy good.

Boul. I beseeche your Honor one peece for me.

Li. Auaunt thou damned dore-keeper, your house but for this virgin that doeth prop it, would sincke and ouerwhelme you. Away.

Boul. How's this? wee must take another course with you? if your peeuissh chastitie, which is not worth a breakefast in the cheapest countrey vnder the coap, shall vndoe a whole household, let me be gelded like a spaniel, come your

Ma. Whither would you haue mee? (wayes.

Boul. I must haue your mayden-head taken off, or the comon hâg-man shal execute it, come your way, weele haue no more Gentlemen driuen away, come your wayes I say.

Enter Bawdes.

Bawd. How now, whats the matter?

Boul. Worse and worse mistris, shee has heere spoken holie words to the Lord *Lisimachus*.

Bawd. O abhominable.

Boul. He makes our profession as it were to stincke afore the face of the gods.

Bawd. Marie hang her vp for euer.

Boul. The Noble man would haue dealt with her like a Noble man, and shee sent him away as colde as a Snoweball, saying his prayers too.

Bawd. *Boul* take her away, vse her at rhy pleasure, crack the glaife of her virginitie, and make the rest maliable.

H

Boul.

112

116

120

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152

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Bowl. And if shee were a thorny peccce of ground
then shee is, shee shall be plowed.

Ma. Harke, harke you Gods.

Bowl. She coniures, away with her, would she had ne-
uer come within my doores, Marrie hang you: shees borne
to vndoe vs, will you not goe the way of women-kinde?
Marry come vp my dish of chastitie with rosemary & baies.

Bowl. Come mistris, come your way with mee.

Ma. Whither wilt thou haue mee?

Bowl. To take from you the Iewell you hold so deere.

Ma. Prithee tell mee one thing first.

Bowl. Come now your one thing.

Ma. What canst thou wish thine enemy to be.

Bowl. Why, I could wish him to bee my master, or ra-
ther my mistris.

Ma. Neither of these are so bad as thou art, since they
doe better thee in their command, thou hold'st a place for
which the painedst seende of hell would not in reputation
change: Thou art the damned doore-keeper to euery cu-
sterell that comes enquiring for his Tib. To the cholerike
fisting of euery rogue, thy care is lyable, thy foode is such
as hath bene belch't on by infected lungs.

Bo. What wold you haue me do? go to the wars, wold you?
wher a man may serue 7. yeers for the losse of a leg, & haue
not money enough in the end to buy him a woodden one?

Ma. Doe any thing but this thou doest, emptie olde re-
ceptacles, or common-shores of filthe, serue by indenture,
to the common hang-man, anie of these wayes are yet
better then this: for what thou professest, a Baboone could
hespeak, would owne a name too deere, that the gods wold
safely deliuer me from this place: here, heers gold for thee,
if that thy master would gaine by me, proclaime that I can
sing, weaue, sow, & dance, with other vertues, which Ile keep
from boast, and will vndertake all these to teache. I doubt
not but this populous Cittie will yeelede manie schollers.

Bowl.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Boult. But can you teache all this you speake of?

Ma. Prooue that I cannot, take mee home againe,
And prostitute mee to the basest groome that doeth fre-
quent your house.

Boult. Well I will see what I can doe for thee : if I can
place thee I will.

Ma. But amongst honest woman.

Boult. Faith my acquaintance lies little amongst them,
But since my master and mistris hath bought you, theres
no going but by their consent : therefore I will make them
acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall
finde them tractable enough. Come, Ile doe for thee what
I can, come your wayes.

Exeunt.

200

204

208

212
V.

Enter Gower.

Marina thus the Brothell scapes, and chaunces
Into an *Honest-house* our Storie layes :
Shee sings like one immortall, and shee daunces
As Goddesse-like to her admired layes. (ses,
Deepe clearks she dumb's, and with her neele compo-
Natures owne shape, of budde, bird, branche, or berry.
That euen her art sisters the naturall Rofes
Her Inckle, Silke Twine, with the rubied Cherrie,
That puples lacks she none of noble race,
Who powre their bountie on her : and her gaine
She giues the curfed Bawd, here wee her place,
And to hir Father turne our thoughts againe,
Where wee left him on the Sea, wee there him left,
Where driuen before the windes, hee is arriu'de
Heere where his daughter dwels, and on this coast,
Suppose him now at *Anchor*: the Citie striu'de
God *Neptunes* *Ananall* feast to keepe, from whence
Lyfimachus our *Tyrian* Shippe espies,
His banners Sable, trim'd with rich expence,

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H 2

And

V.

20

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

And to him in his Barge with former hyes,
 In your supposing once more put your sight,
 Of heauy *Pericles*, thinke this his Barke :
 Where what is done in action, more if might
 Shalbe discouerd, please you sit and harke. *Exit.*

24

Vi

Enter Helicanus, to him 2. Saylers.

1. *Say.* Where is Lord *Helicanus*? hee can resolue you,
 O here he is Sir, there is a barge put off from *Metaline*, and
 in it is *Lyfimachus* the Gouvernour, who craues to come a-
 boord, what is your will?

Helly. That hee haue his, call vp some Gentlemen.

2. *Say.* Ho Gentlemen, my Lord calls.

Enter two or three Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Doeth your Lordship call?

Helli. Gentlemen there is some of worth would come
 aboard, I pray greet him fairely.

Enter Lyfimachus.

Helli. Sir, this is the man that can in ought you would
 resolue you.

Lyf. Hayle reuerent Syr, the Gods preserue you.

Helli. And you to out-live the age I am, and die as I
 would doe.

Li. You wish mee well, heeing on shore, honoring of
Neptunes triumphs, seeing this goodly vessell ride before
 vs, I made to it, to knowe of whence you are.

Helli. First what is your place?

Ly. I am the Gouvernour of this place you lie before.

Helli. Syr our vessell is of *Tyre*, in it the King, a man,
 who for this three moneths hath not spoken to anie one,
 nor taken sustenance, but to prorogue his griefe.

Li. Vpon what ground is his distemperature?

Helli. Twould be too tedious to repeat, but the mayne
 griefe springs fró the losse of a beloued daughter & a wife.

Li. May wee not see him?

Helli.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Hell. You may, but bootlesse. Is your sight see, will not speake to any, yet let me obtaine my wish.

Lyf. Behold him, this was a goodly person.

Hell. Till the disaſter that one mortall wight droue him to this.

Lyf. Sir King all haile, the Gods preferue you, haile royall ſir.

Hell. It is in vaine, he will not ſpeake to you.

Lord. Sir we haue a maid in *Metsline*, I durſt wager would ſee ſome words of him.

Lyf. Tis well bethought, ſhe queſtionleſſe with her ſweet harmonie, and other choſen attractions, would allure and make a battrie through his defend parts, which now are midway ſtopr, ſhee is all happie as the faireſt of all, and her fellow maides, now vpon the leauie ſhelter that abutts againſt the Iſlands ſide.

Hell. Sure all effectleſſe, yet nothing weele omit that beares recoueries name. But ſince your kindneſſe wee haue ſtretcht thus farre, let vs beſeech you, that for our golde we may prouiſion haue, wherein we are not deſtitute for want, but wearie for the ſtalenneſſe.

Lyf. O ſir, a curteſie, which if we ſhould denie, the moſt iuſt God for euery graffe would ſend a Caterpillar, and ſo inſlicke our Prouince: yet once more let mee intreate to knowe at large the cauſe of your kings ſorrow.

Hell. Sit ſir, I will recount it to you, but ſee I am preuented.

Lyf. O hee'rs the Ladie that I ſent for, Welcome faire one, ſit not a goodly preſent?

Hell. Shee's a gallant Ladie.

Lyf. Shee's ſuch a one, that were I well aſſurde Came of a gentle kinde, and noble ſtocke, I do wiſh No better choiſe, and thinke me rarely to wed, Faire on all goodneſſe that conſiſts in beautie, Expect euen here, where is a kingly patient,

H 3

If

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

If that thy prosperous and artificiall fate,
Can draw him but to answer thee in ought,
Thy sacred Physicke shall receiue such pay,
As thy desires can wish.

Mar. Sir I will vse my vtmost skill in his recouerie, pro-
vided that none but I and my companion maid be suffered
to come neere him.

Lys. Come, let vs leaue her, and the Gods make her pro-
sperous.

The Song.

Lys. Marke he your Musicke?

Mar. No nor lookt on vs.

Lys. See she will speake to him.

Mar. Haile sir, my Lord lend care.

Per. Hum, ha.

Mar. I am a maid, my Lorde, that nere before inuited
eyes, but haue beene gazed on like a Comet: She speaks
my Lord, that may be, hath endured a grieve might equall
yours, if both were iustly wayde, though wayward fortune
did maligne my state, my deriuation was from ancestors,
who stood equiuolent with mightie Kings, but time hath
rooted out my parentage, and to the world, and augward
casualties, bound me in seruitude, I will desist, but there is
something glowes vpon my cheek, and whispers in mine
care, go nor till he speake.

Per. My fortunes, parentage, good parentage, to equall
mine, was it not thus, what say you?

Mari. I fed my Lord, if you did know my parentage,
you would not do me violence.

Per. I do thinke so, pray you turne your eyes vpon me,
your like something that, what Countrey women heare of
these shewes?

Mar. No, nor of any shewes, yet I was mortally brought
forth, and am no other then I appeare.

Per. I am great with woe, and shall deliuer weeping: my
dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one my daugh-
ter

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

ter might haue beene : My Queenes square Browes, her stature to an inch , as wandlike-straight, as siluer voyst, her eyes as lewell-like, and caste as richly, in pace an other *Iuno*. Who starues the eares shee feedes, and makes them hungrie, the more she giues them speech, Where doe you liue?

Mar. Where I am but a straunger from the decke , you may discern the place.

Per. Where were you bred? and howatchieu'd you these indowments which you make more rich to owe?

Mar. If I should tell my hystorie, it would seeme like lies disdained in the reporting.

Per. Prethee speake, falsnesse cannot come from thee, for thou lookest modest as iustice, & thou seemest a *Pallas* for the crownd truth to dwell in, I wil belecue thee & make senses credit thy relation, to points that seeme impossible, for thou lookest like one I loued indeede : what were thy friends? didst thou not stay when I did push thee backe, which was when I perceiud thee that thou camst from good discending.

Mar. So indeed I did.

Per. Report thy parentage, I think thou saidst thou hadst beene tost from wrong to iniurie , and that thou thoughts thy griefs might equall mine, if both were opened.

Mar. Some such thing I sed, and sed no more, but what my thoughts did warrant me was likely.

Per. Tell thy storie, if thine considered proue the thousand part of my enduraunce, thou art a man, and I haue suffered like a girle, yet thou doest looke like patience, gazing on Kings graues , and smiling extremitie out of act , what were thy friends? howe lost thou thy name, my most kinde Virgin? recount I doe beseech thee, Come sit by mee,

Mar. My name is *Marina*.

Per. Oh I am mockt, and thou by some insenced God sent hither to make the world to laugh at me.

Mar. Patience

V.i.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Mar. Patience good sir: or here Ile cease.

Per. Nay Ile be patient: thou little knowst howe thou dost startle me to call thy selfe *Marina*.

Mar. The name was giuen mee by one that had some power, my father, and a King.

Per. How, a Kings daughter, and cald *Marina*?

Mar. You sed you would belecue me, but not to bee a troubler of your peace, I will end here.

Per. But are you flesh and blood?

Haue you a working pulse, and are no Fairie?

Motion well, speake on, where were you borne?

And wherefore cald *Marina*?

Mar. Calld *Marina*, for I was borne at sea.

Plr. At sea, what mother?

Mar. My mother was the daughter of a King, who died the minute I was borne, as my good Nurse *Licherida* hath oft deliuered weeping.

Per. O stop there a little, this is the rarest dreame

That ere duld sleepe did mocke sad fooles withall,

This cannot be my daughter, buried, well, where were you bred? Ile heare you more too'th bottome of your storie, and neuer interrupt you.

Mar. You scorne, belecue me twere best I did giue ore.

Per. I will belecue you by the syllable of what you shall deliuer, yet giue me leaue, how came you in these parts? where were you bred?

Mar. The King my father did in *Tharsus* leaue me,

Till cruel *Cleon* with his wicked wife,

Did seeke to murther me: and hauing wooed a villaine,

To attempt it, who hauing drawne to doo't,

A crew of Pirats came and rescued me,

Brought me to *Metaline*,

But good sir whither wil you haue me? why doe you weep?

It may be you thinke mee an imposture, no good sayth: I am the daughter to King *Pericles*, if good king *Pericles* be.

Hoc

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Hel. Hoc, *Hellicanus?*

Hel. Calls my Lord.

Per. Thou art a graue and noble Counsellor,
Most wise in generall, tell me if thou canst, what this mayde
is, or what is like to bee, that thus hath made mee
weepe.

Hel. I know not, but heres the Regent sir of *Metalune*,
speakes nobly of her.

Lyf. She neuer would tell her parentage,
Being demaunded, that she would sit still and weepe.

Per. Oh *Hellicanus*, strike me honored sir, giue mee a
gash, pur me to present paine, least this great sea of ioyes ru-
shing vpon me, ore-bear the shores of my mortalitie, and
drowne me with their sweetnesse: Oh come hither,
thou that begetst him that did thee beget,
Thou that wast borne at sea, buried at *Tharsus*,
And found at sea agen, O *Hellicanus*,
Downe on thy knees, thanke the hoie Gods as loud
As thunder threatens vs, this is *Marina*.

What was thy mothers name? tell me, but that
for truth can neuer be confirm'd inough,
Though doubts did euer sleepe.

Mar. Frist sir, I pray what is your title?

Per. I am *Pericles of Tyre*, but tell mee now my
Drownd *Queenes* name, as in the rest you sayd,
Thou hast beene God-like perfit, the heir of kingdomes,
And an other like to *Pericles* thy father.

Ma. Is it no more to be your daughter, then to say, my
mothers name was *Thaisa*, *Thaisa* was my mother, who did
end the minute I began.

Pe. Now blessing on thee, rise th'art my child.
Giue me fresh garments, mine owne *Hellicanus*, thee is not
dead at *Tharsus* as shee should haue beene by sauage *Cleon*,
she shall tell thee all, when thou shalt kneele, and iustifie in
knowledge, she is thy verie Princes, who is this?

I

Hel. Sir

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V.i.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Hel. Sir, tis the gouernor of *Metaline*, who hearing of your me lancholie state, did come to see you.

Per. I embrace you, giue me my robes.

224 I am wilde in my beholding, O heauens blesse my girle,
But harke what Musicke tell, *Helicannus* my *Marina*,
* Tell him ore point by point, for yet he seemes to doat.
228 How sure you are my daughter, but what musicke?

Hel. My Lord I heare none.

Per. None, the Musicke of the *Spheres*, list my *Marina*.

232 *Lys.* It is not good to crosse him, giue him way.

Per. Rarest sounds, do ye not heare?

Lys. Musicke my Lord? I heare.

Per. Most heauenly Musicke.

236 It nips me vnto listning, and thicke slumber
Hangs vpon mine eyes, let me rest.

Lys. A Pillow for his head, so leaue him all.

240 Well my companion friends, if this but answer to my iust
beliefe, Ile well remember you.

Diana.

Dia. My Temple stands in *Ephesus*,
Hie thee thither, and doe vppon mine Altar sacrifice,
244 * There when my maiden priests are met together before the
people all, reueale how thou at sea didst loose thy wife, to
mourne thy crosses with thy daughters, call, & giue them
* repetition to the like, or performe my bidding, or thou li-
248 uest in woe: doo't, and happie, by my silver bow, awake and
tell thy dreame.

Per. Celestiall *Dian*, Goddess *Argentine*,
252 I will obey thee *Helicannus*. *Hell.* Sir.

Per. My purpose was for *Tharsus*, there to strike,
The inhospitable *Cleon*, but I am for other seruice first,
Toward *Ephesus* turne our blowne sayles,
256 Eftsoones Ile tell thee why, shall we refresh vs sir vpon your
shore, and giue you golde for such prouision as our in-
tents will neede.

Lys. Sir,

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Lys. Sir, with all my heart, and when you come a shore,
I haue another sleight.

Per. You shall preuaile were it to wooe my daughter, for
it seemes you haue beene noble towards her.

Lys. Sir, lend me your arme.

Per. Come my *Marina*.

Exeunt.

Gower. Now our sands are almost run,
More a little, and then dum,
This my last boone giue mee,
For such kindnesse must relieue mee:
That you aptly will suppose,
What pageantry, what feasts, what shewes,
What minstrellic, and prettie din,
The Regent made in *Metalm*,
To greet the King, so he thriued,
That he is promise to be wiued
To faire *Marina*, but in no wise,
Till he had done his sacrifice.
As *Dian* bad whereto being bound,
The *Interim* pray, you all confound.
In fetherd briefenes sayles are fild,
And wishes fall out as they 'r wild,
At *Ephesus* the Temple see,
Our King and all his companie.
That he can hither come so soone,
Is by your fancies thankfull doome.

Per. Haile *Dian*, to performe thy iust commaund,
I here confesse my selfe the King of *Tyre*,
Who frighted from my cuntry did wed at *Pentapolis*, the
faire *Thaisa*, at Sea in childbed died she, but brought forth a
Mayd child calld *Marina*, whom O Goddesse wears yet thy
siluer lucrey, shee at *Tharsus* was nurs't with *Cleon*, who at
fourteene yeares he sought to murder, but her better stars

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brought

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Pericles Prince of Tyre.

brought her to *Meteline*, gainst whose shore ryding, her
Fortunes brought the mayde aboard vs, where by her
owne most cleere remembrance, shee made knowne her
selfe my Daughter.

Th. Voyce and fauour, you are, you are, O royall
Pericles.

Per. What meanes the mum? shee die's, helpe Gen-
tlemen.

Ceri. Noble Sir, if you haue tolde *Dianæs* Altar
true, this is your wife?

Per. Reuerent appearer no, I threwe her ouer-boord
with these verie armes.

Ce. Vpon this coast, I warrant you.

Pe. T'is most certaine.

Cer. Looke to the Ladie, O shee's bur ouer-joyde,
Earlie in blustering morne this Ladie was throwne vpon
this shore.

I op't the coffin, found there rich Iewells, recoue-
red her, and plac'te her heere in *Dianæs* temple.

Per. May we see them?

Cer. Great Sir, they shalbe brought you to my house,
whither I inuite you, looke *Thaisa* is recovered.

Th. O let me looke if hee be none of mine, my fan-
cittie will to my sense bende no licentious eare, but curbe
it spight of seeing: O my Lord are you not *Pericles*? like
him you spake, like him you are, did you not name a tem-
pest, a birth, and death?

Per. The voyce of dead *Thaisa*.

Th. That *Thaisa* am I, supposed dead and drown'd.

Per. I mortall *Dian*.

Th. Now I knowe you better, when wee with teares
parted *Pentapolis*, the king my father gaue you such a ring.

Per. This, this, no more, you gods, your present kinde-
nes makes my past miseries sports, you shall doe well that
on the touching of her lips I may melt, and no more be
seere,

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Scene, O come, be buried a second time within these armes.

Me. My heart leaps to be gone into my mothers bosome.

Per. Look who kneeles here, flesh of thy flesh *Thaisa*, thy burden at the Sea, and call'd *Marina*, for she was yeelded there.

Th. Blest, and mine owne.

Hell. Hayle Madame, and my Queene.

Th. I knowe you not.

Hell. You haue heard mee say when I did flie from *Tyre*, I left behind an ancient substitute, can you remember what I call'd the man, I haue nam'de him oft.

Th. Twas *Helicaxus* then.

Per. Still confirmation, imbrace him deere *Thaisa*. this is hee, now doe I long to heare how you were found? how possiblie preserued? and who to thanke (besides the gods) for this great miracle?

Th. Lord *Cerimon*, my Lord, this man through whom the Gods haue showne their power, that can from first to last resolue you.

Per. Reuerent Syr, the gods can haue no mortall officer more like a god then you, will you deliuer how this dead Queene reliues?

Cer. I will my Lord, beseech you first, goe with mee to my house, where shall be showne you all was found with her. How shee came plac'de heere in the Temple, no needfull thing omitted.

Per. Pure *Dian* blese thee for thy vision, and will offer night oblations to thee *Thaisa*, this Prince, the faire betrothed of your daughter, shall marrie her at *Pentapolis*, and now this ornament makes mee looke dismall, will I clip to forme, and what this fourteene yeeres no razer touch't, to grace thy marridge-day, Ile beautifie.

Th. Lord *Cerimon* hath letters of good credit. Sir, my father's dead.

13

Per. Heauen

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

80 *Per.* Heauens make a Starre of him, yet there my
 Queene, wee'le celebrate their Nuptials, and our selues
 82 will in that kingdome spend our following daies, our sonne
 and daughter shall in *Tyrrus* raigne.

84 Lord *Cerimon* wee doe our longing stay,
 To heare the rest vtoldc, Sir lead's the way.

FINIS.

Gower.

2 In *Antiochus* and his daughter you haue heard
 Of monstrous lust, the due and iust reward:
 In *Pericles* his Queene and Daughter scene,
 4 Although assayl'de with *Fortune* fierce and keene.

Vertue preferd from fell destructions blast,
 6 Lead on by heauen, and crown'd with ioy at last.

In *Helycanus* may you well descrie,
 8 A figure of trueth, of faith, of loyaltie:
 In reuerend *Cerimon* there well appeares,
 10 The worth that learned charitie aye weares.

For wicked *Cleon* and his wife, when Fame
 12 Had spred his cursed deede, the honor'd name
 Of *Pericles*, to rage the Cittie turne,
 14 That him and his they in his Pallace burne:
 The gods for murder seemde so content,
 16 To punish, although not done, but meant.
 So on your Patience euermore attending,
 20 New ioy wayte on you, heere our play has ending.

FINIS.

